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Original Poetry.

ANSWER TO "I GIVE THEE UP."

Published in the Post of the 12th instant.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"I give thee up!" Was it for this
That I so long and fondly loved?
Was it to win these heartless words
That I have constant ever proved?
Was it that when thy heart grew cold,
That I might drink the bitter cup,—
And hear from lips that erst rang love,
The ruthless strain—"I give thee up!"

False one!—and yet, oh, cruel thought,
So rashly now upon me forced!—
If thou hadst loved, I from thy breast
Could never thus have been divorced.
Some lingering memory of the past,
Of happy moments we have seen,
Would have at least called forth the wish
That we might be as we have been.

I may have erred—but, hadst thou loved,
As fondly, vainly, I believed,
No idle word, nor careless look,
Could thus my bosom have bereaved;
But thou affection thrust aside,
That on suspicion thou might'st sup,
And, sated, heartlessly exclaimed,
"I give thee up! I give thee up!"

Yes, keep the ring! it may, at times,
Recall the image once vowed dear;
And the fond, trusting love that gave
Its truest token to thy care.
And, as I say farewell to thee—
To thy false vows and faithlessness—
My pride will teach me thee to deem,
A thing once prized, now valueless.

ALIENA.

Original Tales.

MAURICE GORDON.

A Tale for Christmas Times.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

Winter, cold, stern, pitiless winter, had assumed his iron sway, and swept with desolating wing the once fertile fields and blooming gardens of Arnsdale. The snow lay in patches over the meadow lands, and by the road side; and the little stream, which in summer was only a shrunken, infantile rivulet, gliding onward among the clustering hazels with its pleasant song, now roared in the strength of incipient boyhood, over the rough pebbles, with a noisy and boisterous mirth, answering in discordant tones the angry winds that whistled through the leafless branches above its course. Without, all was gloom and dreariness, but within, there were bright fires on many a cottage hearth, where in a few days Christmas was expected, and about which, at its cheery call, glad faces would cluster, and kind hearts glow. The good wives of Arnsdale, ever stirring and notable, were extremely busy with their preparations for the approaching festivities; mince pies came smoking from the oven, and whole broods of geese and turkeys were guillotined without mercy, while the younger members of the community looked forward with no small degree of pleasure, to a Christmas party in honor of a newly wedded pair, James Gordon having lately married the orphan niece of a wealthy farmer, and old Mr. Gordon being resolved to celebrate the event, by a dance and supper at his own house.

The old homestead of Gilbert Gordon, with the rich acres attached to it, was situated at some little distance from the more thickly settled parts of the village, with the open country beyond in view; and now as the dim twilight gathered over the landscape, hiding the blue hills, which, like a heavy frame work enclosed the wintry picture, the master of the household sat in the quiet enjoyment of an afternoon nap, while his one fair daughter, sweet little Jessy, lovely little Jessy Gordon, the very nicest girl in all Arnsdale, and the prettiest too by all odds, at least to my fancy, leaned her head upon her hand on the other side of the wide mouthed chimney, and by the bright pine knots which threw their radiance clear and steady over the apartment, stole a glance now and then at a folded paper in her hand. And what can that mysterious paper contain? Jessy is not a romantic damsel, and by no means in the habit of receiving love-letters; yet in the duskiness of that winter's afternoon, a little lad had met her at the garden gate as she was returning home, slipped the note in her hand without speaking, and immediately disappeared again; and now as Jessy reads, she turns pale for a moment, and then her cheeks are flushed with crimson, and the tears glisten in her eyes, while she glances anxiously at her father. But could we, without transgressing the rules of honor and propriety take a peep over her shoulder, we might perhaps find a clue to the mystery, by reading the following words traced hastily on the paper. "My suspicions were just, dear Jessy. Maurice has without doubt returned to Arnsdale. If you will meet me at the foot of the garden this evening about eight o'clock, I will tell you all I have learned on the subject, and which I cannot do in the presence of Mr. Gordon. Maurice himself may come with me, since he is all anxiety to see you." Indeed, Miss Jessy, it is no wonder you are somewhat agitated, and for such a matter of fact personage as yourself, this savors a little of romance it must be confessed, particularly as the writer, Walter Thurston, is known to be an avowed and accepted lover. But see, the old gentleman stirs in his chair, twitches his left leg, breathes loudly; and his spectacles by a sudden nod, falling from his nose to the floor, breaks his dream, and Mr. Gordon is again awake.

"Hey dey! What is the matter?" was his half bewildered exclamation, as he started up. "Bless me, my specs! like to have broken them sure enough. Why, Jessy, child, how is this? had quite a nap, I do believe. Almost supper time, isn't it? Bless me!" pulling out a heavy silver watch, "six o'clock, as I'm alive."

How quickly Jessy slipped Walter Thurston's note into her pocket as she answered, "Supper has been ready this long time, father, but mother has not come from the Society meeting, so I did not wake you."

"Not come in yet!" said Mr Gordon, walking to the window and peering out into the darkness. "What can she be doing all this time, I wonder. Gone home with old Mrs Wells may be to take tea, and talk over matters. I tell you what, Jessy, I don't like these women societies, and I hope you'll never belong to one, for they do more harm than good, and turn honest females into gad abouts and news-mongers. We'll wait half an hour, and if your mother isn't in by that time, eat supper without her, and I'll walk over to Mrs Wells' afterward."

"The moon is just rising," said Jessy, "and the night will be a fine one."

"And a fine night we shall have on Thursday too, I hope," said the old gentleman, resuming his seat by the fire; "since the folks will stay late, I'm thinking, being it is a wedding party and Christmas besides." Jessy sighed, and her father looked up with an expression of surprise.

"Why do you sigh?" he asked. "We shall have a merry time of it, I guess. Walter Thurston has been invited, and James and Ellen will be here, and if Frank does not disappoint us, we shall have all—all the family together again, and most of our friends besides. I don't know but I shall dance a little myself upon such a joyful occasion."

But Jessy's smiles did not come as usual. "All? father!" she said, timidly.

"All who *deserve* to be here," said Mr Gordon, in an altered tone, as if Jessy's question had touched a chord in his heart which ever vibrated painfully.

At this moment the sound of wooden shoes was heard pattering through the hall, and Mrs. Gordon, cloaked and hooded to the very eyes, came into the apartment, exclaiming—"Dear me, I hope you didn't wait supper. I couldn't get away a bit sooner, some interesting intelligence was read relating to—"

"Well, I am glad you have come, at any rate," interrupted her husband, "and so let us sit down at once, for I am right hungry." And thus cut short in her apologies, Mrs. Gordon discarded her mufflings; Jessy brought the tea and hot cakes from the kitchen fire; and Mr. Gordon, wheeling his arm chair to the table, which, covered with the substantial viands of a country supper, occupied the centre of the room, asked a hasty blessing, and the meal began.

But while Mr. Gordon partook of the good things before him, and his wife descanted at large upon the topics which had interested her at society meeting; Jessy neither eat nor talked. She neglected nothing, prepared the tea, her father's favorite beverage, without putting in a lump too much of sugar, or a drop too little of cream, helped the stewed apples and cut the pie with her usual neatness, yet her thoughts were evidently busy with other and far most important matters. She glanced frequently and anxiously at the tall mahogany clock, whose iron finger seemed to move with unusual rapidity, and I am not sure that she did not feel somewhat annoyed both by her step-mother's incessant gossip, and the large number of cups which Mr Gordon quaffed that evening of the best Hyson. But all things have an end, and so do an old gentleman's appetite, and an old lady's loquacity. Tea was over at last; the table cleared; fresh wood thrown upon the fire; the tall candles snuffed closely, and by the time Mr Gordon had become fully engrossed in the weekly paper, and his wife fairly dozed over her knitting, the appointed hour had arrived, and Jessy, slipping from the room, and wrapping a heavy cloak about her person, stole through a side door but seldom used, and in a few moments stood alone at the bottom of the garden, beneath the clear, cold moon and glittering stars.

Jessy was no coward, and every inch of ground on which she trod was as familiar as her own quiet chamber; yet she trembled violently from excitement, and could scarcely support herself, as two persons, in low but earnest conversation, climbed the wall and came directly toward her.

"Jessy," said Walter Thurston, advancing before his companion, and clasping the hand which Jessy involuntarily extended toward him; "I was afraid you would not come, and here is Maurice himself to tell you that he is alive and well in Arnsdale once more." And thus introduced, Maurice Gordon sprang forward, and clasping his sister in his arms, covered her fair face with a hundred kisses.

There are moments both so joy and sorrow, when words have not the power to express all we feel; and Jessy in her inexpressible delight, clung to her long lost brother in silence.

"God bless you, Jessy," said Maurice, his voice choked with emotion,—"you, at least, have not forgotten me."

"Forgotten!" and Jessy raised her head from his shoulder,—"Oh, no, I have never for a moment forgotten you, Maurice, but longed and prayed for your return. I thought perhaps we should never see you again."

"Not if I was above ground!" asked Maurice. "I have been a poor, homeless rover, Jessy, but I have always expected to come back to the old place, if it was only to see you."

"And it is indeed your own self, Maurice, without any mistake?"

"Really my own self, and nobody else," said Gordon, removing the slouched hat which concealed his face.

Jessy gazed at him with scrutinizing eyes, as the moonlight fell upon his features.

"Oh! Maurice, how you have altered!"

"Yes, five years makes a great difference. Walter here did not know me at first. But tell me, Jessy, do you think my father will receive me after so many years of absence and disgrace? I have grown older and wiser since I left home, and am ready to ask his pardon, and submit myself like a good boy to Madam Gordon too."

Jessy could not answer, for she remembered her father's words and manner but a few hours before, and feared poor Maurice was not very likely to regain the love and favor of his offended parent.

"At least," said Walter Thurston, observing that she hesitated, "we must try what can be done, and you must help us, Jessy, for I am resolved that Maurice shall sup with us all on Christmas night, in his own father's house. I would go straight to the old gentleman myself and tell him the whole story, only he might fly into a passion, and say he would not suffer Maurice to enter his doors at all, and that would spoil our plans entirely, so we must think of some way by which we may smuggle him in."

"But how?" asked Jessy, anxiously. "It will be almost impossible, Walter. Father will discover him at once."

"May be so, and may be not, too," said Walter, laughing. "As to the *how*, I have not settled that exactly yet, but we shall fix it. Only do you command yourself, and don't be frightened if I should bring a Highland chief, or some other strange creature with me on Thursday night."

Jessy promised to be as composed as possible, though she thought it would be a difficult matter to impose upon her father.

"But, Walter, you told me I should hear all about Maurice," she said.

"And what do you want to know, more than that I am here again, and love you as well as ever?" said Maurice, gaily. "Walter has told me a great deal of Arnsdale news—how James is married, and how you have promised to keep house for *him* one of these days, and so on. As to myself, there will be plenty of time to relate my adventures, I hope, for if I am successful with my father, I shall not leave home in a month or two. But how tall you have grown, Jessy, and—bless me! quite a beauty to. Walter said you were the best and the handsomest girl in Arnsdale, but I thought he must be joking."

"You must not believe all that Walter tells you," said Jessy, blushing, "besides, the moonlight is very deceptive. But, dear Maurice, I am so glad, so happy to see you once more, that I have no words to express my joy. And if you should come back to us, you will try to be less—less—"

"Less hot tempered, you mean, Jessy, though you won't speak it," said her brother.

"Yes, less hot tempered, for all our sakes, Maurice."

"And is Mrs. Gordon kind to you?" asked Maurice, seriously.

"Very kind, we agree perfectly, and if we may only have you at home again, I shall be quite, quite happy. I am sure my father will not refuse, if you are really willing to ask his pardon, dear Maurice, and then what a merry Christmas it will be for us all."

"We must not anticipate too much," said Walter, lowering his voice. "Hark! Jessy, old Hector has been shut out for the night, I hear his growl. We had better seperate now, for if he should come barking down the garden, the old gentleman may perhaps take it into his head to see who is trespassing upon his grounds, which would not be altogether agreeable I'm thinking."

"And shall I see Maurice again?" asked Jessy, retaining her brother's hand, as if reluctant to part.

"Certainly, you shall meet him on Christmas night, at your own house, or my name is not Walter Thurston, and then"—and Walter, as he finished the sentence in Jessy's ear, stole a kiss also.

"Hector! my good old play-fellow, is he alive yet," said Maurice, thoughtfully. "How I should like to see him. I wonder if he would know me."

"Better not wait to make the discovery," said Thurston, as Hector's growl, louder and deeper than before, was repeated. Maurice pressed his sister in his arms for a moment, a few more words were said, "good night," softly but cheerfully spoken, and the brief interview was ended. Jessy retraced her steps to the side-door, and the young men, arm in arm, returned to the village.

Maurice Gordon—we must tell his story in few words—had lost his own mother, at the very period, when, a wild, headstrong boy, he most required her fostering care and guiding hand. Thoughtless in the extreme, self-willed and quick tempered, he was yet generous and kind hearted; and towards his sister at least, most loving in his nature, and Jessy often controlled him by her own gentle entreaties, when the threats or commands of his father failed to produce the desired result. Maurice, while yet a boy, imagined himself a man, and with that mistaken idea of manliness very common in these days, in which any degree of submission is deemed the most unmanly thing in the world, he could brook no restraint, and above all, the rigorous discipline of his father; and thus the little family was ever in a state of fermentation, from the unwillingness of Maurice to obey, and the violent efforts of Mr. Gordon to compel that obedience. Altogether, a very obstreperous young gentleman it must be confessed, was Mr. Maurice Gordon, of whose future career both friends and neighbors prophesied anything but good; when, therefore, in the course of time, Mr. Gordon saw fit to marry again, and required that his wife should be treated with the respect due to her situation in his family, it was no matter of surprise that the high spirit of Maurice should break forth in fresh acts of rebellion. He refused at once to acknowledge the new-comer, as the representative of his own departed mother; reproached his father for an act, which, as he declared, must deprive Jessy of her rights; and was so insulting in his tone and manner toward Mrs. Gordon, that his father, in a fit of passion, which Maurice certainly did all in his power to provoke, ordered him to leave the shelter of his roof immediately, and never again presume to appear in the presence of one whom he had so justly offended. It was in vain that Jessy endeavored to mediate between them, Mr. Gordon was inexorable, insisting that he had borne the ingratitude and rebellion of his son long enough, and now Maurice must shape his own fortunes elsewhere. Poor Jessy returned almost heart broken, from her unsuccessful mission, and Maurice, taking a hasty leave of his weeping sister, left his native village, and went, none knew whither. None knew, and few cared; and in a little time, save that it was spoken occasionally by his brothers and Walter Thurston, and whispered night and morning in Jessy's prayers, the name of Maurice Gordon became a forgotten sound in Arnsdale.

But aside from our determination to eschew too much of minuteness in our naration, and to make our story a short one, if possible, we have no time at present to follow Maurice in his wanderings, because we shall be wanted presently to assist in, or at least to superintend, the putting up of evergreens, and arrangement of the best parlor and eating-room, for the feast of to-morrow. It is Christmas Eve, and never was there a more busy one at Gilbert Gordon's than this. Frank has come from the city, where he is now employed as a clerk, and he it is who may best aid Jessy in her operations. With what skill and dexterity are the green boughs disposed above the door and windows, and how gracefully the wild vine twines itself round the picture frames, and the old fashioned mirrors, at their bidding. Frank is really the most useful person imaginable, for his strong arm can polish the very dullest piece of furniture, which has defied Jessy's attempts for weeks, and he can dust the top of the tall book case which she could not reach without lugging in a heavy step-ladder, relating anecdotes, and making merry all the while, so glad as he is to be at home again. And then Jessy—why her little heart is so full of poor Maurice, and her thoughts so busy about him, that she can scarcely help telling Frank the whole story, and least she should be betrayed into such a piece of confidence, which Walter Thurston has just warned her against, she flies off to assist Mrs Gordon in the thousand and one things, which are yet to be done; stops to wipe a basket of the very finest and rosiest apples ever seen, and even offers to assist her father, who is patiently cracking nuts by the fireside. It is well that Christmas parties come but once a year.

Christmas morning broke clear and frosty over Arnsdale. The sun sparkled upon the remnants of the crisp snow, and everybody, young and old, grey-headed men, and chubby, red cheeked urchins wore smiling faces, meet for the season of glee and festivity. Walter Thurston dined with the Gordons, for where else could he have been expected to dine on that day—but as soon as dinner was over he excused himself, saying he must look after an old friend who had run up from town to see how they managed matters in Arnsdale at Christmas time. "Bring him with you this evening, Walter," said Mr. Gordon, "we shall be glad to see any friend of yours."

"Thank you, sir," said Thurston, with a triumphant glance at Jessy—and in another moment, he had passed the gate and was on his way to Maurice, who in the assumed character of a broken-down Frenchman, speaking bad English, occupied an apartment in the village tavern.

And now the early twilight gathered over the landscape, the stars came out one by one in the clear Heavens, till every diamond spark was blazing, and by the time Mrs. Gordon and Jessy were quite dressed, and had "lit up," and Mr. Gordon in his Sunday suit and fresh linen, came down, looking so cheerful and cosy, the elder guests began to arrive, having left the young ladies and gentlemen, who required perhaps a longer time for dressing, to make their appearance at the more fashionable hour of eight o'clock. There was Mrs. Thurston, Walter's mother, and Miss Dorothy Thurston his maiden aunt, of course *they* were expected betimes, and old Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Gordon's particular friend, and Mrs. Timson, and a dozen more besides. Nice, trim old ladies, all seated in a long row against the wall, in high lace caps, with bright bows upon them, silk gowns and pocket handkerchiefs in their laps, which pocket-handkerchiefs seemed to have resolved never to escape from the veritable folds in which the smoothing-iron had placed them. These ladies were all exceeding amiable and soft spoken, and had their company manners; each one asked the same questions, and each remarked upon the unusually pleasant Christmas day. Poor Jessy! with her heart throbbing violently, her head aching from excitement, and her thoughts preoccupied with an all engrossing subject, she seemed unable to throw aside the weight, which like an incubus oppressed her, or start any topic likely to awaken a more animated strain of conversation.

After a little time, however, the bride and groom arrived, with the pretty bridesmaid, in all the formidable array of wedding finery, while white gloves, and ribbons, and orange flowers—an important part of the bridal paraphernalia, by the way—fluttered through the room, and this at once set every tongue in motion, and Mrs James Gordon was talked at, and talked over, by all present, with amazing volubility. And now the party begins to assemble in good earnest, for it is past eight. Lots of pretty girls, with a few plain ones, come tripping in, in quick succession, attended by brothers or admirers, the rooms fill up rapidly, and there is a deal of talking in odd corners, where the merriest girls are settling who they shall dance with, or exhibiting love tokens and Christmas gifts. But where is Walter Thurston all this while? Almost nine o'clock, and Walter not come! How strange! One and another comes to ask Jessy if anything has happened, and Jessy, poor girl, in dread of something she knows not what, "thinks he will be here soon," or "supposes he is unavoidably detained" and then hastens away to hide her agitation and anxiety beside some less inquisitive guest.

But now there is a bustle in the hall. A faint shriek from Mrs Gordon's *help*, and Mrs Thurston's maid of all-work, who has come over to assist at the party, and immediately enters Walter Thurston, accompanied by no modern gentleman in white gloves and party "fixens," but a dark, mustachiod Turk, in the full costume of his country; rich turban, full pantaloon, crooked sabre, and all the necessary appliances of a son of Islam; and Jessy, thunderstruck with such an apparition, can scarcely credit her senses, or believe that Maurice could be so completely metamorphosed. And what a sensation does this unexpected arrival create. Masquerades are not common in Arnsdale, especially such strange masquerading as this, and while the Mahomedan is gravely introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, and makes a profound salam to Jessy and the young bride, there is a vast deal of wondering who it can be, and some guessing among the young men, and half suppressed screams from the different groups of young ladies, as Walter and his companion move towards them. "Oh, dear! don't come this way!" "Oh! the horrid creature! I'm so frightened! For pity sake, Mr. Thurston, go away with him, or I shall certainly die!" and so on; and Mr. Gordon, with a sly wink at his next neighbor, says quietly: "A young man from town, Mr Nichols a friend of Walter's. Quite a good thought, isn't it, to make a little fun for the young folks?" and to show his familiarity with the grave mussulman, Mr Gordon again shakes him by the hand, assures him he is most happy of his company, and hopes he will favor them with another visit before he leaves Arnsdale. Is not Walter Thurston enraptured with the success of his plan? and does he not plume himself upon his extreme wisdom in thus introducing Maurice to his father's house?

But the fiddler, or in more refined parlance, the musician, has arrived, and is tuning up his instrument in the hall, and the Turk having seated himself cross-legged upon the carpet, at a respectful distance from the ladies, who are now somewhat reassured, by finding that he is perfectly harmless, the young men think it high time to get up a dance. Of course the Mahomedan never dances, although eagerly solicited to do so, but a number of sets are quickly formed, among which the bride and bridesmaid are sufficiently conspicuous, and they all trip it away for half an hour to their hearts' content.

The dance over, Walter and his companion rise to take leave. "So soon?" Mr. Gordon, and indeed all the company are quite disappointed, and urgent for them to remain. They will certainly stay to supper, Mrs. Gordon hopes. Why the evening is not half over yet. But the Turk is resolute, bids farewell with becoming gravity, and Walter, promising to return as soon as he shall have escorted the stranger to his lodgings, bows low and they are gone. The busy hum of voices, conjecturing and surmising, which succeeded their departure, was interrupted by the passing about of some refreshments, a prelude, as it were, to the more substantial supper, after which the dancing was resumed with fresh spirit and merriment, so that Walter was scarcely missed, except by Jessy perhaps, until a new source of wonder presented itself. Walter has come back again, but this time he introduces an elderly French gentleman, all bows and smiles, in periwig and small clothes. A perfumed cambric handkerchief protrudes from one pocket, he carries his chapeau under his arm, and is most profuse in his compliments to Mrs. Gordon, who, unfortunately, does not comprehend a word of what he is saying, and as to Jessy, why he really presumes to salute her on either cheek, and yet Walter Thurston is not discomposed by it. Dance! that he does, and requesting in bad English the hand of the pretty bridesmaid, leads her to the centre of the apartment, and calls for a favorite tune. What peals of laughter echo on all sides as they start off, how the Frenchman capers about, while his partner is so convulsed with merriment as to be scarcely able to dance at all, and how every body gathers round to witness his feats of agility. Then, too, how Mr. Gordon claps his hands, and invites Monsieur to drink a glass of home made wine with him. Truly there never had been such a merry meeting before in Arnsdale, never such a Christmas party heard of as this. But the Frenchman too, is unable to stay to supper; pleads another engagement, begs to be excused, and after a little more frolicking, he and Walter again take leave.

And now every one is on tip-toe to see what will come next; what new character the stranger will adopt for their amusement, for by this time it is fully understood that Walter's friend is a gentleman from the city, who will probably appear in his own proper person at supper time. "I wonder what he will do next?" was asked by one and another. "Jessy, don't you know? why I am quite surprised—I supposed of course you were in the secret." But Jessy was, or pretended to be, as ignorant as her guests, and either could not, or would not, tell anything about the matter. The Frenchman was succeeded this time by a Highlander in plaid and bonnet, with a claymore by his side, and a bagpipe under his arm, who marched in to the very unharmonious music of his own instrument. But this disguise, as it represented a young man, was not so effectual as the others, and Jessy felt sure her father at least must recognize Maurice immediately. Mr Gordon, however, was so impressed with the idea of Walter's friend being an entire stranger, who would be formally introduced by and bye, that the recollection of his son seemed never to have crossed his mind for a moment, and Jessy, as she watched his countenance, saw in it no evidence that poor Maurice was at all remembered.

The Highlander having played a Scotch air very tolerably, laid aside his weapon, and was about to gratify the company with a Highland fling, when suddenly, with a bark of joyful recognition, old Hector sprang towards him. "Down, sir, down," cried half a dozen voices at once, but Hector would not be repulsed. Leaping upon the stranger, capering about him, his demonstrations of joy were so decided, that it was evident they had met before, and Maurice, overcome by the dumb creature's faithful affection after so many years of absence, suddenly forgot his assumed character, and throwing his arms round old Hector's neck, cried, "Poor Hector, do you remember me, old fellow?" The voice, the action, revealed at once the long lost wanderer. "Maurice!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, starting forward, and in an instant the cap and feathers, with the dark wig and false whiskers of the Highland chief were dashed to the ground, and Maurice, sinking on his knees before his father, in the midst of their assembled friends, implored his forgiveness, and asked to be once more restored to his heart and home. For a moment, a single moment Mr. Gordon hesitated, but his sternness was subdued by the genial influence of the hour, and clasping the hand of his son, he bade him rise up, and welcomed him home again, with as much warmth and earnestness as even Jessy herself could have wished.

The amusement of the good people of Arnsdale had now reached its climax, and everybody pressed eagerly forward to shake hands with Maurice, and congratulate Mr. Gordon upon his return, while Mrs. Gordon, being a tender hearted person, whose pardon our hero was particular in asking, was quite melted into tears at this juncture, and obliged to avail herself of Miss Dorothy Thurston's smelling bottle, to prevent a swoon. Walter was then called on to explain how all this had happened, which he did to the satisfaction of all parties, relating that Maurice had gone to town to procure his different disguises, which had been changed in an unoccupied room above stairs of which Jessy had given them the key. That Frank had been let into the secret on their first arrival, being required as an assistant, and finally that they had not intended the disclosure should have taken place, until after supper. Although, as matters had turned out, it was all very well. Then there was a fresh round of congratulations, in the midst of which supper was announced, and a jovial feast it proved, I do assure you. Everybody toasted Maurice, and Maurice toasted the bride, and Frank and Walter were extremely witty, and our sweet little Jessy looked so smiling and happy, seated between her brother and lover, that it quite baffles my poor powers to describe her. At a late hour, very late indeed, for the moon was verging towards the west, the merry company separated; and though years have passed since then, and our hero, having married the pretty bridesmaid—an old flame by the way—has settled down into a staid personage of thirty-five, there are many in Arnsdale who still remember gladly the long talked of Christmas party, and the unexpected return of Maurice Gordon.

Original Poem.

HYMN OF THE DYING FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY W. H. B. M.

I.

Hark! hear ye not a melody
Pass mournfully and slow,
From earth up toward the Heaven,
As the autumn breezes blow?
A murmur as of sadness,
And yet as soft and sweet
As when the summer rain-drops
On beds of roses beat.

II.

A sound of many voices,
That alternate come and go;
So many—yet so gentle,
The tones are very low.
It cometh from the dim woods
In twilight's misty hours,
So tenderly—so mournfully—
The hymn of dying Flowers:—

III.

"The autumn winds are blowing
A stronger, colder blast;
The leaves around are falling;
Our time hath come at last.
Few of us are remaining,
Who in the summer-time
Decked out the forest carpet—
And in the Spring's sweet prime.

IV.

"A few of us have lingered
In our pleasant homes and dear,
But now we're passing from them,
As from earth, the passing year.
Ye will not come to bury us,
There'll be no pageants proud,
Ye'll sing no dirges over us,
Ye will not grieve aloud.

V.

"For in our very youthfulness
We hardly met your eye
Ye passed us ever silently—
And often heedless by.
Ye will not heed our voices,
Tho' they speak unto the heart;
Ye'll hardly even *think* it is
Time life and we should part.

VI.

"But adieu to earth and summer,
Adieu to woods and sky!
Our time of life hath ended,
We have naught to do but die.
We'll hymn to the Creator
Our joyful song of praise,
And the very winds of Autumn
Our requiem shall raise."

Our Scrap Book.

THE BRITISH IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY.

The British army has for ages held a distinguished place in the military annals of Europe; and among the qualities to which may fairly be attributed much of its success, is the dread silence of the troops when in presence of the enemy, and indeed on all occasions under arms. Our more lively neighbors have well described it as "*cette offrense silence!*" A chance stranger thrown into the scene might almost imagine that they were rooted to the ground by be enchanter's spell, so stern and statue-like is their immovability. The heavy floating colors, so ont, when displayed, to be carried by the hand, are in their cases. Mere show in any way is unthought of, and every incumbrance is removed. No a sound is then to be heard, save and except it may be the solitary note of a bugle, intelligible only to the light troops. The drum is hushed; and anyother kind of music at such a time would be rejected as most unsuited to the deadly work they are about to be engaged in. The French leader speaks to and regulates his troops by the drum. Its bearer, with a rifle slung at his back, is at his right hand, and the charge is made to its ruffle. Ou musicians, and all the non combatants of every description, are, or ought to be, in the rear, under the orders of the surgeon, for the removal, the conveyance, and the succor of the wounded. Even these last, however hideously mangled, are generally uncomplaining. They silently abide their fat, and yield up their breath, or submit to the operations of cure, with the same equanimity. According to my observations, the most querulous under wounds and sickness have been the Scotch Highlanders. The Irish may be more noisy, but this it is with less plaint.—*Dr. Ferguson's Professional Notes.*

LITERARY STYLE.—On style, Milton holds this language: "For me, readers, although I cannot say I am utterly untrained in those rules which the best rhetoricians have written in any learned language, yet true eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, by what I can express, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files as he could wish, fall aptly into their own places."

Foster, in his inimitable essays, observes, "false eloquence is like a false alarm at thunder, where a sober man, that is not apt to startle at sounds, looks out to see if it be not the rumbling of a cart." And again—"Eloquence resides in the thought, and no words can make that eloquent which will not be so in the plainest that could possibly express the sense."

BAPTISM AMONG THE GREEKS.—In the fourth century, when the custom of naming children after saints had gone out of fashion, the Greeks labelled a number of lamps with names, and selected the one which burned longest.

Our Portrait Gallery.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

This nobleman who is justly considered the ablest as he certainly is the most successful diplomatist of modern times, was born at Coblentz, on the Rhine, May 15, 1773. He was educated at the University of Strasburg, studied law at Mentz, travelled to England (1794), went to Vienna, became Austrian Minister to the Hague, and married in 1795, the Countess of Kaunitz, daughter of the famous Prince Kaunitz. She died, 1825, at Paris. He then married the Countess de Reitstein, who died in 1829, and he has since married the daughter of Count Zichy Ferraris.

Prince Metternich began his diplomatic career at the Congress of Rastadt as Minister of the College of Westphalian Counts. In 1801, he was Austrian Minister at Dresden. He organized the alliance of Austria, Russia and Prussia, against Napoleon November, 1805, and was rewarded with the grand cross of Stephen. The battle of Austerlitz defeated this union. In 1806, the Prince, then only Count Metternich, was Ambassador of Austria at Paris, and signed at Fontainebleau in 1807, the treaty which made the Trouzo the frontier of the kingdom of Italy. He was always the enemy of France, always the champion of ancient feudalism. Passports were long denied him to return to Vienna; but he at length returned in 1809, and became Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs. When the successes of Napoleon gave him the Archduchess—Metternich accompanied the bride to Paris. When the war in the North began, Metternich had the delicate task of managing affairs, so that Austria, in spite of all treaties, obligations and family relations, should stand in a position to regain her former dominions and set Europe free from French influence. How well he accomplished this task, history shows.

He was made Prince on the evening of the battle of Leipsic, when Napoleon's disastrous destiny was sealed. He has received the brightest honors from the kings and emperors whom he has served. He is knight of all the highest orders of Europe except the garter. The king of Spain made him a grandee of the first class with the title of duke. In 1816 the king of the Two Sicilies made him duke of Portella with an income of 60,000 ducats. The same year the emperor of Austria presented him with Johannisberg, where the best hock is made. The Prince has three children, two daughters and one son.

Humorous Tale.

FELIX FLINDER'S NIGHT-LATCH;

Or, Take Your Wife's Advice.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM H. McCALLA—AUTHOR OF "JACK BRAMBLE'S FAMILY BIBLE," &c.

We know not of any more handsome row of houses, or one possessing a more pleasant locality, than a row which has been erected within a few past years, opposite to ——— Square, in the western part of this city. Setting aside the beautiful and finished appearance of the houses themselves, what can be more pleasant than in Summer time, when Dame Nature is attired in her brightest "Sunday go to meeting" garb of green, when the little birds sing their little songs of happiness from every tree, than to sit at your window and gaze into the Square. To see the little girls with their hoops and jumping ropes, while the boys, ambitious of engaging in more extended sports, scour rapidly over the gravel walks in their velocipedes.

As it is not, however, our intention to write an essay upon the eligibility of particular residences, we will at once proceed to our tale.

Occupying two of the above mentioned dwellings, almost similar in appearance—the silver plating in general on the door of the one, being a shade brighter than that upon the other, looking the only difference—lived two newly married couples. One was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Todd, and the other, (with the brighter silver plating) that of Mr and Mrs. Felix Flinder—and they it is of whom we have to write.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Flinder had been Mr. and Mrs. F. F. about sixteen calendar months; and never months before were passed so happily by man and wife. Felix was a commission merchant,—a member of the firm of Flinder, Tinder & Co., and in the receipt of a very handsome income. He wore a white hat and black whiskers, and was a very comely-looking personage, and bore the name of being a "clever" fellow, one who would never meet you in the vicinity of "Sanderson's," or "Our House," without asking you to drink, and one who went head and ears into the enjoyment of life.

Dolly Flinder—for such, gentle reader, was her unromantic name—possessed one of the most rosy cheeked, plump, May-morning looking countenances, to be met with in a day's riding in one of Glenat's omnibuses, and that we consider a fair way of seeing all kinds of faces. See her at what time you would, she always looked neat and clean; her morning dresses, although of course coarser in material than the afternoon ones, were yet made and put on in so snug and tidy a manner, that one would scarcely notice the difference, and she would appear as much dressed at the breakfast table as at any other time—unlike many a married lady we wot of, who does not think it worth her while to look dressed until afternoon, and who thinks of her husband as "*only him*," —just as though he was not more entitled to her good appearance than any other man or woman in the world. Unlike this class of wives, Dolly took more pride in looking well before "him," than before any one else; and did he like an article of dress she had purchased, it was sufficient. She never crossed him—and yet she in most every case had her own way at last. Did he object to any measure she proposed—she assented—when Felix, discovering she was willing to give in, would immediately change tactics, and become desirous of her doing that which before he strenuously opposed—an example followed by more married men than our hero.

It is a well known fact, that the human body will, from want of exercise, and an excess of comfort, fall into an unhealthy and ill conditioned state, and it is just the same with some minds, which, if never worried or vexed by anything either at home or abroad, become discontented and peevish—and such was the case with the mind of Felix Flinder. Having such a gentle, non resistance principled wife, a first rate income, a beautifully furnished house, and nothing under the sun to annoy him, he became disgusted with the even tenor of his existence. If he could only have got Dolly to contradict him once a day right positively—even that would have been some comfort. If, when he spit tobacco juice upon the grate, she would only have blown him up right well, like most other wives would have done, instead of ringing for the servant to come and wipe it off, or if, when he came home hungry to his dinner, and finding it not quite ready, commenced scolding about it, if then she would only have said something in return, he would have been satisfied. But no, instead of standing to parley words, off she would dart to the kitchen, and "hurry up" the dinner in a manner truly surprising; and compel Felix, in spite of his determined sour looks, gradually to relax into a smile of approval. And it "just took her, too," as the saying is, to get a dinner; or at least to superintend the getting of one—for she comprised in her little self the best edition of a cookery book ever yet published; and Boz may say what he pleases about the cookery of Ruth Pinch, and her miracles of beef-steak puddings, but had he ever eaten one of Dolly's make, we think his opinion would be considerably changed.

Felix had tried almost every means he could think of, just to provoke his little wife for once, but had never as yet succeeded. At last, what he thought was a very exceedingly happy idea, entered his mind, which idea was very much strengthened by the following conversation, that took place the same day.

He was sitting in the little counting-house, back of the ware-room, towards the close of the afternoon, meditating pleasantly upon a good sale he had just completed, when through the glass of the door he beheld the light at one end of a long segar, and at the other, the features of his next door neighbor, Augustus Todd, Esq.

"Ah! Todd, how are you?" exclaimed Felix, as the above named personage entered the room—"glad to see you—take a seat. What's the news from the seat of war?"

"Nothing very new," replied Todd, "of course you know General Taylor has entered Monterey?"

"Oh! certainly," replied Felix, "heard it days ago."

"By the bye," continued Todd, "talking about entering, puts me in mind of a purchase I have just made."

"What is it?" inquired Felix—"a new Ledger?"

"No, no, something better than that," replied Todd; "a night-latch"—and he drew from his pocket a curiously constructed key, and held it up to the gaze of Felix. "You've got one, of course?"

"Oh! yes—that is,"—replied Felix, almost ashamed to say he had none. "I am going to purchase one. Where did you get it?"

"Oh! up at Rodgers'," replied Todd; "it only cost three shillings."

"Well," exclaimed Felix, "I must get one; I've been thinking of it for a long time—my wife, though, don't want me to have one. She says she would rather sit up for me, but that," *said Felix*, very considerately, "that, you know, is not to be thought of."

"Oh! certainly not," replied Todd, "for just as I told Mrs. Todd—'Mrs. Todd,' says I, 'I am going to get a night latch.' Just as I expected, she burst into a passion—of course I flew into a passion also, and let out an oath or two—swearing, I think," said Todd, gravely, "in moderation and at certain times, has a great effect upon Mrs T., and makes her give up sooner, as it did in this case; and when I left home she was in the best possible humor."

"No use with my wife," said Felix, thinking it would be some time before he would swear before his wife; "no matter how happy the results it produced, no use at all."

"Why not?" inquired Todd.

"Because," replied Felix, "she never contradicts me."

"So much the better then," said Todd; "you can do as you please—" and giving Felix a jocose slap upon the back, he left the office.

The latter part of Todd's advice was followed, and accordingly Felix purchased a night-latch. That evening at the supper table, Felix was seated opposite to his pretty little wife, sipping his cup of fragrant mocha when, looking intently upon her cheerful, smiling face, he said:

"My dear Dolly, don't you ever feel vexed at having to wait up for me at nights; when I happen to stay out late, don't you feel angry at having to get up and open the door to let me in?"

"Why, bless your heart, no," replied Dolly, in whose happy mind such a thought as being angry with her husband had never entered—"not in the least. You know you always get me plenty of new books to read, and then sometimes it happens—and I'm sure you are not late so very often—that Mrs Todd comes in and sits with me. Oh! I am never lonely—to be sure I miss your company—but then I am always glad to get up and let you in, and get you a little lunch."

This was a complete overthrow to all the plans of Felix. He had expected at least she would say it was a little trouble, and so give him some pretext, however slight, to break the intelligence of his purchase to her, but no, not a straw did she throw out for him to catch at, so he changed his mode of operation.

"But, my dear," he said, "I cannot agree with you there, at all. I think it would be much pleasanter for you to be lying comfortably in your bed, than sitting up with sleepy eyes waiting for me—and so," he continued with desperate determination, "I've got a night-latch."

She did not even look astonished; her brow was calm and smooth as ever, and her voice as clear and pleasant as before, when she said:

"Well, my dear Felix, if you have got the key there is no help for it; but I had much rather you had not purchased one, for, as my mother has often told me, a night-latch is the worst companion a married man can have—for while he knows his wife is waiting up for him, he will generally endeavor to come home in good time; but when he has a key he feels at liberty to stay out as late as he chooses every night. Not that I think it will make that difference in you, Felix; but still I would rather you had allowed me to be your night-latch—and see," she said, laughingly, shaking at him the tiniest of taper fingers, "see if before the week is out, you do not regret having bought it."

"Well," replied Felix, delighted with her good nature, "we will see. But you need not sit up for me to-night, as I am going to a meeting of the Society, and as we are to have an Anniversary supper after it is over, I will not be home until late."

"Very well, my dear," replied Dolly, "I will go to bed, and allow you a fair opportunity of testing the virtues of your key."

"That is right," said Felix, kissing her; "you will find it much pleasanter than sitting up," and putting on his hat he left the house, and soon arrived at the place of meeting. After the usual routine of business had been gone through, the Society adjourned, and proceeded in a body to a certain well known Hotel, and sat down to an inviting supper. Many were the jests uttered, and many the glasses of wine and other liquors drank by the company, not excepting our friend Flinder, who drank a full magnum to every toast. These were not without their effect, for by the time this jovial assembly was ready to disperse, according to the mind of Felix, the number of the company present had increased amazingly; and upon issuing forth into the street, in company with two or three brother members, the hotel seemed to be engaged in a waltz with the opposite building—while the street lamps resembled so many unsteady watchmen, walking up and down with their torches held above their heads. They thus proceeded together until opposite the Circus, when with vows of the most unfailing regard for each other they parted.

Now Flinder, although not what would be called sober, was by no means drunk; but just in that stage when a man's brain very much resembles a Kaleidescope, reflecting a thousand images in an inconceivably short time, each object vanishing with every motion, but giving rise at the same time to new ones.

"That was a confoundedly funny song of Tom Jones's, a confounded funny song," said Felix, as he staggered up the steps—not of his own dwelling, but that of Augustus Todd, Esq.—and after a great deal of fumbling, at last succeeded in opening the door, left unlocked for the servant who had gone out to a ball. There was a lamp standing upon a table in the entry, and picking it up, Felix, walking as steadily and quietly as he could, sought the dining room.

"Bless her kind heart," said Felix, espying a table set out with a piece of cold ham, &c., upon it. "Bless her kind heart, she has left, this for me to eat; now I'll just sit down and take a bite, and then creep up stairs to bed without waking Dolly." So laying his hat upon the floor, Felix sat down to the table, and commenced eating.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Felix, as he conveyed a piece of the juicy ham to his lips, "that was a confounded funny song—let me see—how does it go—'Come all jolly blades, who good members would be,'" and having hit upon the words and tune, Felix bawled forth both most melodiously.

"My love," said Mrs. Augustus Todd, turning in bed and awaking her sleeping partner, "my love, there's thieves in the house—I heard them singing just now, something about blades—they mean perhaps to cut our throats, my love."

"Cut our throats," said Mr. Todd, "pshaw! my dear, you have been dreaming—you women are too great cowards!"

The voice of Felix, loud and prolonged, suddenly startled Mr. Todd, as it came in tones that admitted of no dissent up the stairs.

"There," said Mrs. Todd, trembling, "do you hear it now?"

"Ha!" said Todd, it's robbers—they've got into the house, and have the impudence to have a feast off that ham, I expect. Mrs. Todd, my love," he said, with dreadful calmness, "I believe there is a pair of pistols in that closet, I must get up and go down." And he made a convulsive movement with his lower limbs, as though he would have arisen. "Oh! dear, dear Augustus, don't think of such a thing! If they should happen to see you coming down stairs, and fire a ball into your head, what would become of me?"

"Can I," said Mr. Todd, growing more magnanimous as his wife grew more fearful, and clasped him more tightly, "can I hear those ruffians and not attack them?—no—no—my dear, I must go down!"

"Then," said Mrs. Todd, "I must call the watch," and, springing out of bed, she threw up the window, and cried "Watch!" at the top of her voice.

In a few moments the streets resounded with the peculiar sound of rattles, and in a few more a whole bevy of the guardians of the night rushed into the dwelling of Mr. Augustus Todd, through the door that Felix had forgotten to close behind him, and straight to the dining room, where they discovered our friend, his feet reposing very quietly upon the top of the piece of ham on the table, and his body reposing in a chair—which, as well as his head, was considerably on the decline.

"Hallo," exclaimed Felix, awakened by their noise—"what's the matter? what the deuce do you want here—Eh?"

"Why, Mr. Flinder!" said the watchman of the square in which Felix resided.

"Why, Felix Flinder!" said Todd, who had descended armed with a pair of pistols.

"Why, Mr. Flinder!" said Mrs. Todd, "I am surprised—what do you mean by such behavior?"

"Oh! I see," said Felix, beginning to realize his situation. "I've got in the wrong house."

"Got in the wrong house!" said Mr. Todd.

"Yes," replied Felix, now sobered, "instead of opening my own door, I opened yours—and so came this occurrence." All had a hearty laugh at it, and Felix, unlocking his own door, closed it softly after him, and crept noiselessly up stairs, where he found Dolly apparently in a deep slumber.

Next day at the dinner table there might have been noticed a sly twinkle in Dolly's eye, and an evident but checked desire to burst into laughter.

"Felix, my dear," she said, cutting a slice off a very fine looking piece of ham, "shall I help you to a piece?"

"A piece of ham," replied Felix, "a piece of ham," as the recollection of the last night's adventures rushed upon him. "A piece of ham!"

"Yes, my dear," said Dolly, "a piece of ham. Why, I always thought you were very fond of ham."

"So I am, my dear," replied Felix, "but—"

"But—" said Dolly, bursting into a loud peal of laughter, "but you like Mr. Todd's the best. Oh! you men think your poor little wives don't know anything. Mrs. Todd told me all about it this morning," and her round form fairly shook with laughter. "Didn't I tell you something would happen if you got that key?"

"Yes, you did, Dolly," replied Felix; "and I have thrown it away; and after this I will always take your advice. And I think that if all married men would follow my example, they would probably find themselves happier by so doing."

Felix Plinder has persevered ever since in this good resolution; and on musing seriously to reflect upon the adventures of that eventful night, he became convinced that drinking was an extremely foolish and useless habit; often leading to sad and ruinous results. Accordingly, by and with the advice and consent of Dolly, he has lately become an active and useful member of that excellent society, the "Sons of Temperance."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1846.

TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

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4 COPIES,	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
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For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Fountain," a Splendid New Annual, for 1847.

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For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Fountain," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We would call the attention of our friends to the fact that this is the proper time to begin getting up Clubs and forwarding subscriptions for the new year. We intend to make the old Post surpass itself, if possible, the coming season, and would advise our cotemporaries to waken up, if they do not wish to be left behind altogether. Our terms are very low, in fact as low as it is possible to afford an original paper of the size and quality of the Post—of course if we chose to publish a second edition of some daily paper, lugged together without taste or method or variety, and call it "a weekly," we could afford to do it cheaper. But we know our subscribers want the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that our friends will go to work getting up clubs, or sending on their individual subscriptions, as quickly as possible, in order that we may know at once how many more thousands we are to print during the coming year than the present.

☞ H. R. Merseilles, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, is no longer Agent for this paper. 426 lt

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Trout Fisher's Song was received in due season and is very welcome. We have given orders that the paper and magazine should be sent as agreed upon.

G. W. We thank our friend for his Enigmas, &c.

CHRISTMAS.

Of all the weeks in the calendar, that between Christmas and the coming in of the new year, is perhaps the most joyful. By common consent it is devoted to joy and merriment, to the presentation of gifts of affection and love, and to happy meetings around the social fireside. The feeling that Christmas is here again, seems to lend new color to every cheek, new brightness to every eye. The shops and stores display their most tempting commodities in the windows, to catch the eyes of the passers-by, evergreens are wreathed around the neck of old Winter until we begin to see the resemblance between him and his fair daughter, Spring, and the old year is hearsed and carried to his grave, amid a most sweet gush of laughter and quiet merriment.

And why is it so? Is there not naturally something mournful in the idea that the old year, which has been with us in so many scenes of trial and sorrow, is drawing to its close—something that we would think should remind us of that coming hour, when we ourselves shall pass like a vapor from the earth, and the places that now know us know us no more?

Yet, such would be the emotion naturally inspired by the approach of the closing year, were it not swallowed up in the joy of His memory, who taught men how to gain the victory over death and the grave. On the blessed anniversary of His birth, how could man be sorrowful!

And most appropriate is it therefore that this season should be a season of gladness and rejoicing. That sweet and beautiful gifts, freighted with love, should pass from friend to friend—that men should speak to men more kindly than is their wont, in the street—that the hearts of the children, whom He loved, should be made to overflow with joy; and that earth should forget for a while its curse, and sport as a lamb, full of innocence and mirth, in the eyes of its Maker.

Rejoice therefore and be exceeding glad, friends, for it is the hallowed anniversary of our faith. Yield to the sweet influence of the time, ye that cherish hard, revengeful thoughts towards your neighbors, and be once more at peace. Let the old year carry old bickerings with it to the grave. Burden not the calm and joyful serenity of the new with the old sorrows. Let the hearts of the parents be turned towards the children, and the hearts of the children towards their parents—let all drink a full draught of that overflowing stream of love, which first flowed to earth eighteen hundred and forty-six years ago, bearing on its holy waves, like a second Moses, the child Christ Jesus. Let our hearts be softened in the feeling of our common brotherhood; and as we pass the threshold of the new year, let us resolve, God helping us, that we will be more just and liberal, more charitable and patient towards the weaknesses and the vices of our common humanity.

REPUBLIC OF CRACOW.

Of all the mean things done lately by the despots of the old world, we know of none meaner and more despicable than the extinguishment of the little Republic of Cracow. By the treaty of Vienna, the three great powers, Russia, Prussia and Austria, pledged themselves "to respect, and to cause to be respected, forever, the neutrality of the free city of Cracow," and declared it "in perpetuity a free and independent city, under their protection." But in vain are promises and pledges exacted from those whose whole lives are a robbery of their fellow men, and a treason against justice and right and God. Although Russia and Prussia and Austria had pledged themselves in the most explicit terms, to maintain the freedom and independence of Cracow, they scrupled not in the face of all Europe and of the world, to violate their pledges, and to cast them to the wind as so much chaff.

And what excuse do they pretend to offer? The tyrant's old plea—necessity. Cracow was a nucleus for rebellion. The only free spot in that once free and heroic land, Poland, could not repress its quick heart-beats, when it heard the call to Freedom pealing from all her past history, all the hallowed graves of her martyrs. But it is well. It is well that Tyranny should be always deceitful and cruel and treacherous. We thank God that it is so, for by that fact are all true and noble hearts pledged to a stern, uncompromising warfare against it. Aye, not only pledged—but kept awake and alive to that pledge. We sometimes think that if it were our last prayer, we would implore the despots of the old world that they might be unmerciful—that they might plunge the steel deeper and deeper into the hearts of their subjects, until universal humanity, rising like one man, should purge the world of their presence. Ay, let the imprisoned giant be blinded, let him be made the sport and the mock of his oppressors, that so he may rise in his might and pluck down the pillars of a false and cruel order of society, upon the heads of its builders and supporters.

And yet, would that it might be otherwise—would that through thy blessed ministrations, oh! Peace, chained and degraded Europe might be made free. But we fear it is impossible—we fear that only through blood can the regeneration of Germany, Austria, Prussia, Poland and Russia be worked out. Such is the might of custom, the force of old precept and practice, the power of the nobles and the kings, sustained by mighty masses of ignorant hireling soldiery, that we can scarcely venture even to hope for the opening of any other road to Freedom, than that which lies through gory battle fields, and is lit up by the fiery flashes of cannons. For though moral power can work wonders where there is liberty of speech and the press, without these, it is as dull as a sword in its scabbard. All necessary reforms can be effected by its aid alone, in those countries where the press and tongue are free—but where these are not free, the first contest must be for their liberty as the basis of all other freedoms; and that contest can scarcely be other than with the gun and the bayonet.

COMPLIMENTS.

In publishing a number of eulogistic notices of the Post two or three weeks ago, we took occasion to give some very good and sufficient reasons for so doing, to which the reader is referred. In publishing the following, we would justify ourselves by stating, that having begun the practice, it might seem like a want of courtesy were we now suddenly to stop short, and leave those who have spoken so kindly and handsomely of our course, without anything to show that their encouraging words are felt and appreciated.

The "Clyde Eagle" says:

"Now is the time to subscribe for the best paper published in Philadelphia.—The Saturday Evening Post. This valuable paper is of the largest class—well conducted, and is published by S. D. Patterson & Co."

The "Dundee Record" says:

"The Post is among the best of our exchanges, and as a literary, mercantile and agricultural journal, is not surpassed by any of the weeklies published in the city—comprising, as it does, the best contributions of the American and Foreign mind, a careful revision of the markets, and a due portion devoted to the interests of the American farmer, and otherwise rendered an instructive and useful family newspaper, suited to the old and the young."

The editor of the Windham County Democrat, an able paper published at Brattleboro', Vt., after stating that he is happy to learn that the Messrs. Harpers have discontinued the publication of "Martin, or The Foundling," says:

"The dormant editor of the Post for the past six months, has now tacked his name to the mast head, and the public will be as glad as we to know to whom the country is indebted for the daring and happily conducted war upon licentious issues of the press. We hope he will still lead off in the reform so ably commenced, and secure every inch of vantage ground in his rear. There are enough who deeply feel the value of a watchful and independent and moral press to sustain the judicious pioneers of reform."

And, in conclusion, the Casket, a very ably conducted periodical, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, in an article under the head of "Literary Reform," speaks as follows:—

"The great work has begun. Reform in the literary world has commenced, and it is with deep feelings of pleasure we pen this cheering truth. We see, by an article in the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia—*one of the best papers in the country*—that the Harpers have already abandoned the publication of Sue's last novel, 'Martin, or the Foundling,' on account of its immorality. In doing this they have set a glorious example, which we hope will be followed by all, until not a work, offensive to the most refined taste, can be found in our land. But in awarding just praise to them, we must not overlook the editor of the Post, for his untiring and praise-worthy efforts in bringing the matter home, by appealing directly to them, through the columns of his paper. He was among the first, if not the very first, in striking at the root of this great moral evil (immoral publications) and, as such, deserves the thanks of the community at large. We rejoice there are a few such spirits at work, and that their progress is already so cheering. Let the Press but do their duty now, and, ere long, there will not be found an author or publisher who will dare to risk his reputation, by sending forth an obscene or immoral production."

LACONICS.

Men are like trees in the wind—perpetually bowing. Stand thou *erect*, and all shall bow unto thee.

Self-Reliance, in its extreme, is the worst kind of idolatry—but when all the world is setting like a tide in one direction, who can run to an extreme in the other?

Go on, extort, show no mercy to the poor, plant and water thy ill-gotten gains—thou art but heaping up wealth for the Enemy to buy thy children's souls with.

Beware of theories—they are dangerous weapons in a fool's hand.

Mental courage is superior to physical—but the great man needs both.

A cat has nine lives—the worm has ninety and nine. The reason is obvious; the most earthy are the most bound to earth—the most spiritual are held only by a thread.

Solomon said, "In all your gettings, get understanding." The Solomons of this day say, "In all your gettings, get *upper standing*." There is a difference.

Take no note of what is said behind thy back—the waves that close behind thee assist thy further progress.

As a foolish man becomes more and more involved, he grows even more foolish and desperate. He is like a frightened swimmer, who beats the waves furiously, when his only safety lies in calmness and repose.

Caution is the basest of our faculties, it is simply inertia and dead weight—yet it is the ballast of the mind, in proportion to which it is safe to carry sail.

The ascent to power is often like a greased pole, which, after the strong and vigorous have tired themselves with attempting to climb, *until they have worn the grease off*, some poor, weak, puny fellow succeeds in climbing. But after all, he has only succeeded in setting himself up as a mark for the abler souls below to worry and make sport of.

A CONVERSATION.

"But Eugene Sue possesses genius?"

"Yes, just as much as Mrs. Radcliffe, or Monk Lewis, to whom even Walter Scott at one time looked up as to an eighth wonder of the world."

"Well, Monk Lewis *had* genius."

"So he had, of a kind—but not *true* genius—not that which lived and breathed in Walter Scott, or Shakespeare, any more than the light of a volcano is the clear, pure light of the sun."

"But both are 'light.'"

"Yes, one the light of Heaven, the other of a place that shall be nameless. And yet all genius and all light may be the same in its essence—different sides of the same thing, as the metaphysicians argue, when they do not well know what else to say."

"Ah, you are getting too deep for me."

"And for myself too; but of one thing we may be certain—that just as certainly as Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis have been found out to be 'Will-o'-the-wisps,' and not stars, will Eugene Sue also ultimately be discovered to be a cheat and a counterfeit."

THE HUTCHINSONS.

This "nest of brothers, with a sister in it," as the Hutchinson family have been prettily termed, have been delighting the hearts of crowded audiences upon several occasions during the last ten days.

On Wednesday week, the Musical Fund Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity; and on last Saturday evening, notwithstanding it was the benefit of that wonderful orator, Mr. Gough, their concert was also attended to overflowing. We question whether there is any place in the whole country, where there is more real sincere hearty enthusiasm felt towards the Hutchinsons than in Philadelphia.

"THE RISING OF THE TIDE."

The main incident upon which the story with the above title in our last week's number turns, may perhaps be thought by some rather improbable. To such, however, we would state that, upon last Thursday week, a circumstance of a like nature occurred in the Susquehanna. The cars bringing the Southern Mail did not arrive in this city till six hours after their usual time. The detention having been caused by the water being driven out of the Susquehanna by the storm and high wind, during a low tide, rendering it impossible to cross for several hours.

THE PYRAMIDS.

Mr. Gliddon in one of his recent Lectures upon Ancient Egypt, stated, that if the largest of the Pyramids had been built of brick instead of stone, there would have been bricks enough in it to build the whole city of Philadelphia—and that the granite facing of the Pyramid would have sufficed for all the banks, churches, and other public buildings.

DARING AFFAIR.

A daring, if comparatively trifling achievement, was recently performed by a small party belonging to the Gulf Squadron. It was the burning of a Mexican schooner, moored within pistol shot of the Castle. The Picayune gives the following account of it from the pen of a correspondent:—

"She was the Creole, well known in New Orleans as a packet, and I believe somewhat notorious for her connection with a certain slave question which was a subject of diplomacy some years ago. She was about four miles from our anchorage, and had been an eye-sore to us, whenever we were in sight of the town. The feasibility of burning her at her moorings had been for some time discussed, and last night (Nov. 26th) she was set on fire and destroyed, by three of our officers, with five men, in a single boat.

"The officers engaged were Lieut. J. L. Parker, and Passed Midshipmen J. B. Hynson and Robert C. Rogers. The affair was finally started on the impulse of the moment, without the cognizance of the captain or the first lieutenant.

"The boat started at eleven at night, and at half-after one the schooner was fired. On nearing the schooner, the boat was discovered by her crew, and the alarm was given by hailing the castle. The bells of the castle were rung and the lights of the town displayed. This did not, however, deter our brave fellows from boarding the schooner and setting her on fire. Seven Mexicans were found on board, and forced into our boat as prisoners, and landed at Sacrificios. In setting fire to the train, the first attempt failed—the light was then accidentally extinguished—every thing looked ominous of failure. The use of fire-arms would have provoked the fire of the castle. One of the Mexicans was forced to find fire, with a pistol at his head. It was a single coal and it was on the point of going out. To save the last chance, Mr. Hynson then poured powder from his hand upon the coal, and succeeded. He was, however, considerably burned. After going into the boat, in order to make sure, the officers returned to make a second fire in the hold, and having no other means of carrying the fire, they *tore up their shirts*, which burned remarkably well. The Mexicans must be somewhat astonished when they find out how many diverse purposes a Yankee shirt may be put to; the other day at Tuspan it was a flag of truce—that is a 'fathom' of one was."

ONCE ON A FRESH AND FRAGRANT EVE.

FROM "CHRISTIAN SONGS."

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL. D.

Once on a fresh and fragrant eve
I wander'd up an island steep;—
The tints which rosy sunsets leave,
Lay purple on the heaving deep;—
A day of tempest dark and stern
Was closing in an hour as bright,
As ever gemm'd the summer fern,
Or turn'd the mountain streams to light.

Unmindful of the breakers' war
That rag'd along the lonely strand,
I watch'd beyond the waves afar,
The green hills of my father land:—
Long had I chas'd them o'er the sea,
By surge and tempest toss'd and driven,
And there they rose to welcome me,
Cloth'd in the fairest hues of heaven.

Heir of eternal life! be strong,
Nor in thy darkest hour repine;—
Though pain and sorrow chase thee long,
A land more beauteous far is thine:—
Ay! though thou fall unwept, unblest,
Thy monument a blasted sod,
Thine is the Christian's pleasant rest,
Thine are the radiant courts of God.

RINGGOLD.

The remains of the lamented Major Ringgold were received in Baltimore with appropriate ceremonies. As the procession passed through the city, the town clock bell, with the various engine bells on the route tolled a sad requiem for the dead.

"The cenotaph, on which the body was placed, is described as being unique and beautiful in the extreme. The coffin is an appropriate receptacle for the relics of the departed hero. It is sufficiently large, adds the Patriot, to admit of the zinc coffin in which the remains have been brought on, and is made of the best mahogany—the interior being lined throughout with black cambric, and the exterior covered with fine black cloth. On the edge of the lid a gold mourning bead is placed, which is at once unique and chaste. The lid, which is flat, has on it a large silver shield, the borders handsomely chased, bearing the following inscription:—'The body of Brevet Major Samuel Ringgold, of the United States Army, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Palo Alto, on the 8th of May, 1846.' Four silver handles are placed on the sides of the coffin."

THE "KILLERS."

Great complaints are made in the Pittsburg papers of the conduct of a number of Capt. Hill's company from this city, which contained, it is said, quite a number of the rowdies who have so long infested the southern sections of our city. The Dispatch says:—

"One was left on the road, having taken the *mania a potu*, two deserted from fear of being imprisoned at Pittsburg for passing a counterfeit note on the canal, and a sergeant was discharged on Sunday for taking an extra glass of liquor."

It is stated that along the route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, they committed various acts of pillage, and it seems they have already begun to riot in Pittsburg at the Theatre. Gen. Taylor would deserve well of his country, if he would put all such rowdies in such a position at the first battle, that they might be killed off as soon as possible.

YOUNG LADIES, BEWARE!

A foreigner, who had been for some time paying his addresses to a young lady of Montpelier, Vermont, much to the dissatisfaction of her father, recently persuaded her to elope with him. Happily the father of the young lady succeeded in overtaking them in season to prevent the marriage, furnished with a warrant for the arrest of the lover, who it appears has a wife and child in Canada. The young lady was a minor. We despise elopements, and dislike all marriages undertaken without the consent of parents, in a general way; while at the same time we admit that, when the parties are of age, and parents can make no reasonable objection, they may become justifiable.

NOVEL MODE OF CATCHING HAWKS.

A correspondent says:—

"Mr. Ellis Chandler, Post Master at the Brick Meeting House, Cecil County, Maryland, having, together with his neighbors, lost a great number of chickens by hawks, tried various methods of catching and killing the *varmints*, with but slight success—when an idea came into his head that a steel trap (such as is used for catching rats) would make an excellent hawk catcher. He accordingly baited one, secured it on the top of a fence, and in a short time caught thirteen hawks. He now recommends it as the best mode, yet discovered, of catching those pests to country housekeepers and dread of the domestic feathered tribe."

A CHILD'S REASON.

There is a pretty good moral in the following, which we cut from an exchange paper:—

"A clergyman who could better preach of patience than practise it, was always irritated when he found his grandchildren in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of Heaven. 'Ma,' said he, 'I don't want to go to Heaven.' 'Don't want to go to Heaven, my son?' 'No, ma, I'm sure I don't.' 'Why not, my son?' 'Why grandpa will be there, wont he?' 'Why yes, I hope he will.' 'Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, '*Whew! whew! what are these boys here for?*' I don't want to go to Heaven, if grandpa is going to be there.'"

CARGO OF WATER.

A cargo of water has been lately shipped from Boston for the Gulf Squadron, which has suffered considerably from the want of good water for some months past. The water thus shipped was obtained from a reservoir supplied from the roofs of the ship houses, and was pumped into the ship by a steam engine. The vessel will take out about seven hundred tons of it. For ourselves, we never liked rain water particularly, but suppose it is all a matter of taste.

DYING OF LAUGHTER.

At a recent wedding in Paris, after the departure of the guests, the bridegroom was talking gaily with the parents of his wife, when he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of laughter, and leaning back in his chair, expired immediately from an apoplectic stroke, induced by his excessive mirth. The newly married wife entered the conjugal abode for the first time, in company with the dead body of her husband.

A CONVERSION.

The New York Tribune announces the conversion to Homœopathy and Mesmerism of Dr. Forbes, Physician in ordinary to her Majesty Queen Victoria's household, a man "placed by common consent at the very head of the medical profession. Up to the commencement of this year he has been considered ultra-sceptical in reference to all new things."

THE DIFFERENCE.

The Louisville Journal says:—

"General Taylor has made out a report of his capture of Monterey, and Ampudia has made out a report of his loss of it. Ampudia brags ten times as much about losing it as Old Rough and Ready does about gaining it."

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The following is the result of the election for Officers of the Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers:—

For Colonel.—	F. M. Wynkoop,	390
	Wm. F. Small,	316
	A. L. Roumfort,	263
	E. Fronville,	16
For Lieut. Col.—	Samuel F. Black,	459
	R. K. Scott,	196
	T. G. Morehead,	144
For Major.—	F. L. Bowman,	491
	J. C. Brown,	134
	G. C. McClelland,	93
	John C. Gilchrist,	20
	Alex. W. Foster,	1

The Officers elect are Colonel F. M. Wynkoop, of the Pottsville company; Lieut. Col. Samuel F. Black, of Pittsburg, and Major Bowman of the Wyoming company.

It is stated that there was a great deal of feeling manifested, and that some fighting took place, in which a Philadelphian was badly beaten.

The Assistant Quarter-master advertised, some time since, for five steamboats to convey the Regiment and all its equipage to New Orleans—and it is probable that by this time the troops are some distance on their way. The Pittsburg Gazette says that "taken in all, they are a splendid body of men, and will compare with any Regiment that has been, or may be, mustered into service."

POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

In relation to the controversy between Powers and Lester, a correspondent of the New England Review, writing from Florence, speaks as follows. We have no particular regard for Mr. Lester, but we cannot deny that the evidence, so far as we have seen it, is very much against Mr. Powers—though we still trust he will be able to prove his assertions true:—

"As to the controversy of Powers and Lester, I am sorry to offend your prejudices by giving the opinion of all here, that Powers is guilty of all he denies. It is unfortunate that his *unmerited reputation for veracity* should prevail over the *notorious want of it* in Lester. Appearances in this case have wrought great injustice. I came abroad with the usual partialities for this 'great man.' But a longer residence than usual and acquaintances out of the clique who adore in trembling, have undeceived me. Pardon my language, but, with a knowledge of facts which I possess, I cannot avoid considering him *capable of any falsehood*. I once had my pen in hand to make an expose of his true character, but his great reputation, my own obscurity, and the misfortune of having obtained my facts through a friend of his induced me wisely to forbear. And yet it is outrageous that a man should abuse the public mind unchastised."

GUN COTTON.

The Washington correspondent of the U. States Gazette, narrates the following incident showing the inflammable nature of this substance, and how necessary it is to be careful in its use:—

"A little circumstance occurred in the Senate Chamber this morning worthy of note:—One of the messengers was sealing a letter with wax, which had been handed to him to seal by Mr. Lewis, when an explosion like that of a pistol took place, which scorched the lad slightly. The secret was soon explained; it contained some gun cotton, which Mr. L. was sending to a friend. The explosion took place from the heat of the sealing wax."

SHAMEFUL, IF TRUE.

A correspondent of the North American, writing from the Gulf Squadron, says:—

"In consequence of the atrocities committed on the females of Monterey by some of our people, all the respectable women in the place gathered at the house of the American Consul for protection. It must have been an agreeable surprise to them to find that all our men of battle are not as some of the heroes of Monterey."

We hope, for the honor of the American name and character, that the foul charges implied in the above extract are without foundation.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Any one who will take a walk and make a few calls along Chestnut Street, will soon be satisfied that there is no lack of beautiful things with which to make friends and relations glad during the holidays. In the way of Books, which come more immediately under our notice, we would refer them to the stores of Messrs. Carey & Hart, G. S. Appleton, Lindsay & Blakiston, &c., &c., at any of which they can find choice works, elegantly bound, both annuals and perennials.

AMUSING CUSTOM.

N. P. Willis is our authority for the following. It may be true, but—

"It was here (in the Church of St. Nicholas) by the way, that I first became aware of a very sensible German custom—that of *concentrating the roughing and nose-blowing* during service-time. The clergyman stops at different periods of his discourse, steps back from his pulpit-stand, and *blows his nose*—the entire congregation imitating his example, and disturbing the service with the operation *at no other time*."

NEW FASHION.

A New York correspondent of the North American says that the other day there appeared in Broadway one of their fashionable belles in the new costume of the Parisian *demoiselles*. "Lest any of your readers should not have kept pace with the march of the ton on the *boulevards*, I will describe it. It is nothing more nor less that a pair of high heeled boots, a la Nabob, and a switch cane!"

TAKING IT COOLLY.

The singular breach of promise case in Louisville, which has attracted so much attention of late, has been wound up, as we see by the Louisville Journal, in the following manner:—

"Henry S. Julian, Esq., Treasurer of Mechanics' Savings Institution of Louisville. Please pay to the bearer, for a Sunday evening walk, Six Thousand Dollars, and charge the same to account.

"$6,000. John Hayes."

THE ARMISTICE.

A letter from Monterey in the St. Louis Republican, says:—

"Gen. Taylor was somewhat surprised at the disapproval of our Government of the terms of the armistice, especially as he had informed them, that under no circumstances whatever could he have moved his Army an inch beyond Monterey, short of the sixty days, the term during which the armistice was to last."

WHAT AN IDEA.

A Pittsburg correspondent of the North American compares that "city of smoke and ashes" to a *fair* coquette." Now that she is a "coquette," we think very probable; but, instead of being a "*fair*" one, it is known to everybody that, as the poet says,

"She walks in beauty *like a thing of night*."

PRETTY GOOD.

The "Somerset (N. J.) Messenger," thus disposes of General Taylor as a candidate for the Presidency:—

"It is conclusively established by his conduct in Mexico, that 'Old Zack' *wont run* for anything. How then can he be made President?"

SINGULAR FACT.

We see it stated as a singular fact relative to the Christmas holidays, that the Egyptians, three thousand years before Christ, made solemn observance of the same week—three days being days of mourning for the burial of the son, and three days days of rejoicing at his resurrection.

A RUMOR.

It is rumored that the Administration has a project on foot for sending Colonel Benton to Mexico, with the title of Lieutenant General, and entrusted with Ambassadorial powers. It may be the truth, but it looks "very much like a whale" at present.

MINESOTA.

A bill has been introduced into Congress for establishing a new Territory beyond the limit of Wisconsin, to be called Minesota. It is a pretty sounding name, though we cannot make out whether it is English, Indian or Dutch.

CATHOLIC SECESSION.

Bishop Hughes has published a letter in the New York papers, denying that there has been any secession from the Catholic Church, as stated in the journals.

MR. GOUGH'S BENEFIT.

We understand that the address of Mr. Gough at his Benefit last Saturday evening, was a most splendid one. He had an overflowing audience.

Local Intelligence.

State Temperance Convention at Harrisburg.—The Chairman of the State Temperance Central Committee announces that the Annual Convention will be held at Harrisburg on the 4th Wednesday of January next, the 27th, and requests that the associations will send full delegations. The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance will also hold a meeting at the same time and place.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week were 94—42 adults and 52 children.

Door Fastenings.—Within the last two weeks a number of robberies have been perpetrated by means of opening the doors of dwellings with what is technically called a screw, which is an instrument so constructed that a key in a lock on the inside may be easily turned from the outside. Notices have repeatedly appeared in the papers of this operation, but notwithstanding, many persons were foolhardy enough to continue the practice of leaving their keys in the front doors, seeming to be under the belief that should a robber come into the neighborhood he would be sure to pass by their domicil and commit his burglarious intentions upon some of the neighbors. Another facility to the commission of robbery are the slight fastening furnished by dead latches, hundreds of which may be opened with the one key, or the merest skeleton of one. Individuals who may be robbed under such circumstances, after the repeated admonitions which they receive through the public press, are entitled to but a small share of sympathy.—*Public Ledger.*

Damage to the New York Telegraph Line.—The recent storm has been the means of great injury to the line of telegraph between this city and New York, and suspension of operations. In the vicinity of Jersey City, and between Elizabethtown and Newark, N. J., rain fell intermingled with the snow, which congealing as it fell on the wires, in a short time had accumulated to such a degree that the wires were broken between almost every pole, and for miles there was scarcely a vestige of the lightning chain left standing.

A substantial iron chord will, however, soon replace the broken wire along the line of the Railroad, and the whole will be ready for operations very shortly.

New Publications.

Woman's Reward. *By Hon. Mrs. Norton. New York: H. Long & Brother.* This is Mrs. Norton's first appearance as the writer of a novel, and we pronounce its highest eulogium in saying that it will not disappoint the admirers of her poetry. The same fervid and passionate yet truly feminine strain of feeling, the same enthusiast worship of ideal beauty that have already made her name a dear and familiar one to many a young lover of poetry, are displayed scarcely less poetically in the pages of her romance. There is besides much sad wisdom, gleaned from her own painful experience in life; and the events of the story are so ordered as to perfect through trial the Christian spirit of the heroine, rather than to lead her to worldly happiness, proving that the great sorrows of the author have not embittered but purified her mind, and led her to the true and only consolation for human woe.

The hero, Lionel Dupre, is a haughty, impetuous, ungovernable youth, splendidly handsome, and with a certain engaging warmth of feeling mingled with his passionate vehemence of temper; which, however, is obscured more and more as his childhood recedes from him, by an all engrossing selfishness, until he becomes a cold, calculating man of the world. In direct and strong contrast is the beautiful spirit of his sister Mary, a lovely and noble hearted woman, perfect as a poet's dream; and it is deeply and painfully interesting to mark as the story advances that every occurrence which brings the wishes of the two into competition, is a signal to the wayward boy to snatch his own coveted pleasure, leaving to his faithful sister the bitter cup of self denial. Never did woman love more worthily, more truly and devotedly; it brings a thrill of remembered joy to the heart, and brings tears to the eyes, [illegible] such love and such sorrow; yet her sense of duty, or in other words her love to God, overmasters the pleading instincts of her woman's nature, and enables her to cast away, with a resolute will, the hope and joy of her youth. It is the daily tragedy of life. The good must suffer, and while we sympathize painfully with the lovely martyr, we cannot wish that she had acted otherwise; it touches the deepest springs of our faith to contemplate the quiet and holy satisfaction which is her sole reward for the heart-breaking sacrifice she makes. It is a sad story, but the denouement is one of calm happiness which will please all but the very young. To those who know what life is, this sober termination is perfectly satisfactory. When the glorious romance of youth is over, when years of sorrow nobly borne have chastened away all that is perishable in human love, there is then, in the union of faithful hearts, a "sober certainty of waking bliss" which may well challenge comparison with the fleeting raptures of love's young dream.

We welcome the gifted poetess into the ranks of the novelists. She is one of that higher class of spirits who have read aright the riddle of earth's woe and wrong, and her writings have therefore an interest and a value beyond the passing amusement of the hour. Our best and wisest teachers are those who have

"Learned in suffering what they teach in song,"

and of these is Mrs. Norton. We hope this will not be her only contribution to the new line of literature in which her genius may make itself felt more extensively than ever.

Fact and Fiction, a Collection of Stories. *By L. Maria Child.* This book is welcome to our table. Its "wildly sweet unworldliness of thought" comes to us refreshingly amid the mass of commonplace matter in the literature of the day. It has the well-known characteristics of the gifted authoress. By some, her quick kindling fancies, and novel but brilliantly plausible theories in regard to spiritual things, may be pronounced mere idle dreaming—but by the romantic and imaginative, that is, by young people generally, these same lovely dreams will be pored over with exquisite pleasure. The mind of the writer is an eminently poetical one; seldom do we find a more delicate perception or a finer delineation of the beautiful, in nature and in the human soul. Yet this, though a distinguishing charm of all that proceeds from her pen, is not her highest excellence. It is her earnest, cheerful faith, her childlike love for all things that God has made, her deep, broad based spirit of charity, that make her written thoughts and vividly pictured feelings a treasure to the world. What she has said of Miss Bremer is equally true of herself—"the secret of her popularity is that she is deeply religious, without being theological." Her faith is not a form, but an indwelling life, leading continually to good works, and to the zealous and conscientious devotion of her gifts to the service of the Giver. As her eye is single, so is her insight keen. Through the repulsive exterior of lowest poverty, her clear, loving vision can still discern "the angel soul of man," and the pleading face of suffering humanity looks out upon her saddened heart through much that the world calls crime. To show how many redeeming virtues still linger in the low, dark places of life, like angel guests that will not be turned away, is evidently a work near and dear to her heart. Her pen dwells lovingly upon the native worth of the spirit, overlooking its soiled and deformed condition, as a mere accident of Time, and thus a glow of ideal beauty is thrown around the simple story, the pure love that pervades it breathes fragrantly upon our hearts, and we feel the tie of our common nature as it may be felt in Heaven, when we stand with our poor brethren before the Father's throne. If we fancy for a moment that her warm sympathy, her boundless compassion for the erring, lead her to palliate the error, a second and deeper thought rebukes the injustice. Her mind is too strong and clear so to lose the distinction between good and evil. The same feeling prompts her merciful words, which has ever drawn the most heavenly minded of our race toward their suffering fellows; it is purely a wish to bless, differing only in degree from the infinite pity of Christ, yearning over the sinful world He came to save.

It follows from what we have said, that the writings of Maria Child are such as carry a blessing with them—stirring up within us kindlier thoughts of our fellows, quickening our best impulses, painting so attractively the beauty of goodness that it seems the one thing in life to be desired, dispensing wherever they go, lessons of cheerfulness and faith and unconquerable hope and their kindred spirits of light, through whose ministrations

"The burden and the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened."

The present volume is published by *C. S. Francis & Co., New York.*

Godey's Lady's Book. Godey is not behind his cotemporaries in furnishing a most tasteful and excellent number for the holidays. The embellishments are The Empty Cradle—Sickness and Health, a very sweet and beautiful picture—and an "*Americanized*" Fashion plate, which, by the way, is a very good idea. The literary matter is excellent, an article by Grace Greenwood, especially, is quite refreshing, "with its wood notes wild," among the usual "lady literature" of the magazines. The other contributors are T. S. Arthur, Mrs. Hale, J. Bayard Taylor, Alice G. Lee, Miss Leslie, &c., &c. There are also articles on Model Cottages and on Ladies' Work, illustrated by wood cuts.

The Water Cure; or, Hydropathy. *By John Forbes, M. D., F. R. S. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* Dr. Forbes is one of the editors of the Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine, and editor of the British and Foreign Medical Review—we believe, for that matter, that the substance of this book originally appeared as an article in the latter periodical. It seems to be a calm and unprejudiced examination of the subject of Hydropathy, in which the advantages of the cold water system are admitted to a very great extent. As being the production of a man so eminent in the profession as Dr. Forbes, it deserves the unprejudiced examination of the faculty.

Beauchamp; or, The Error. *By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is No. 91 of Harper and Brothers' Library of Select Novels. As we have not had time to peruse it, we shall only remark, that James generally writes novels unexceptionable in their moral tendencies, and which are considered very readable by a large class of the community. The price of the present volume is twenty five cents.

The Lady's Receipt Book. *By Miss Leslie. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This is a sequel to Miss Leslie's former work on Domestic Cookery, "comprising new and approved directions for preparing Soups, Poultry, Fish, Meats, Game, Pudding, Cakes, &c., &c., also a list of dishes for breakfast, dinner and supper tables."

Homœopathy. We have received No. 10 of the American Journal of Homœopathy, published in New York, and edited by Drs. Kirby and Snow.

The Juvenile Companion. *Edited by the Rev. J. L. Blake, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* This is a collection of Historical and Biographical anecdotes, designed to make the young acquainted with particularly interesting and important events in history and biography, with a design of inciting them to more connected and extensive reading, as also to warm their bosoms with a love of the true and the noble. So far as we have examined the selections they are well made.

Ghost Stories. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This is a collection of Ghost Stories, not designed, however, to inculcate a vulgar and hurtful belief in ghosts and apparitions, but intended to promote a directly opposite effect, by showing how often either fear, some trivial accident, or mortal contrivance, is at the bottom of such appearances. The book is illustrated by ten excellently designed and well executed engravings, and is of a character to be read with interest by the great mass of the community.

The British and Foreign Medical Review. *Edited by John Forbes, M. D., F. R. S. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This is No. 2 of the American edition of this valuable periodical. The price is three dollars a-year.

Nell Gwynne; or, The Court of the Stuarts. *By Wm. Harrison Ainsworth. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This book comes about as near being unmitigated trash, as any work we have looked into lately.

Pictorial History of England. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* We have received from *Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston*, No. 14 of this interesting work.

Littell's Living Age. *Zieber & Co.*, have received another number of this excellent periodical.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Advance of Cotton—Spread of Cholera—Republic of Cracow Extinguished.

The Cambria, the swiftest of the British mail steamships, came quietly up to the wharf, at Boston, at 9½ o'clock on Wednesday evening, Dec. 16, having left Liverpool on the 4th instant. She experienced strong westerly winds during the passage.

The most prominent political news is that of the obliteration by Russia, Austria and Prussia, of the Republic of Cracow, the last remnant of Poland. It is a monstrous iniquity, and Great Britain and France have protested against it in very strong terms.

The cotton market has been in a very excited state. The Manchester trade feel indignant at the present upward movement, which is said to be almost entirely supported by speculators; and such has been the perseverance with which it has been maintained, (upwards of 28,000 bales being taken by speculators in a few days,) that a rise of three-eighths of a penny has taken place within a short period.

The London Standard says:—Every body attending to the question must be aware that the sale of the heavy cotton fabrics has been for several weeks past seriously impeded by the previous speculative advance in the price of the raw material, and that with the limited demand, from causes which we have often explained, there is not even a proximate prospect of obtaining a corresponding movement in goods and yarn generally. Profits and wages must therefore both suffer, if the system is successfully persevered in.

The railroad-share market, during the first day or two, has shown that the legitimate lines have not decreased in the estimation of the public. The old shares have risen in value, while the new ones have retrograded.

The English ports are not to be opened.

Indian corn was at 56s. to 58s. per quarter.

American flour has advanced 1s. a bbl. in Liverpool, closing 3d. inst., with a downward tendency.

Twelve of the royal family of Persia have died of cholera. This plague is extending westward. Fourteen hundred persons have died of it in Bagdad.

The circular of Messrs. Wilkinson & Jewsbury, in allusion to the present state of trade, says:—

"The exportation of cotton and woollen goods shows a *decrease* of £2,205,638 in the nine months of this year, as compared with the same period last year; while hardware, cutlery, machinery, metals, and coals show an *increase*, and as the latter are the entire produce of British industry, it is consoling that this branch is on the increase."

The official tables of the trade of the country show that, as regards live animals, the importation this year has exceeded that of last year by more than four times. In provisions the increase this year over the last is 100 per cent. In coffee the excess over last year amounts to three millions of pounds. The importation of tea has also largely increased.

In the month of September, there was the largest delivery of sugar on record, an excess of 150,000 cwts. beyond the corresponding period of last year. The tables show, upon the whole, an enormous increase in the importation and consumption of food.

The revenue authorities have permitted iron wood, a species of cedar or mahogany, the produce of America, to be admitted free.

The New York packet-ship Victoria, on her recent arrival in London, brought as part of her cargo 250 bales of American Hops, which excited some attention in the city of London. This article will probably, under the new liberal commercial policy, become one of considerable importance to the American grower.

Lord and Lady John Russell entertained at dinner, on the 23d ult., at their residence in Chesham Place, the American Minister and Mrs. Bancroft, with a number of other invited guests.

At the election of the Mayor of Nottingham, Mr. Cripps, formerly a citizen of the United States, was unanimously elected.

A considerable quantity of potatoes has been imported into London from St. Petersburg.

The Spanish papers call on France and England to establish a monarchy in Mexico, to save that country from falling into the American Union.

Ireland is enjoying more tranquillity, and the landlords have adopted efficient and successful measures for the relief of the people.

Gen. Flores, the South American renegade, is reported to have sailed from Spain, with a thousand picked monarchists, to conquer the Republic of the Equador.

The Great Britain is still on the rocks.

Belgium has opened her ports until Oct. 1, 1847, and the export of food is prohibited.

The Pope has authorised the people of Rome to organize their own local police. An immense concession.

The Queen of Portugal is in a critical position. The rebellion is very general, and it is supposed she will be compelled to abdicate.

Fresh troubles have broken out in India, and the British are preparing for new conquests.

Parliament will meet on the 19th of January.

The Danish journals announce the death of Bishop Esaias Tegner, a celebrated Swedish poet.

The cholera has appeared in Spain. (Doubtful.)

On the 10th ultimo, and the two following days, the English, Irish and French coasts were swept by severe gales, which did much damage to the shipping.

The London Times says that the British Government has united with the French Cabinet in approval of Mr. Hood's proposition to terminate the difficulties on the River Platte. We may consequently anticipate a speedy pacification of the Argentine and Oriental republics.

The Mark Lane Express says there are few persons except those who give minute attention to the subject, but will learn with surprise that the average price of wheat, according to the Gazette, at the present time, is only 2s. per qr. higher than at the same period last year.

Miss Cushman was at Birmingham, and Tom Thumb at Manchester.

Fresh troubles have broken out in India, and the British are preparing for new conquests.

The Bey of Tunis is now in Paris, where royal honors are being shown to him.

M. Leverrier, the discoverer of the new planet, is appointed to the new chair of mathematics applied to astronomy in France.

France.—The Cracow affair absorbs attention in Paris. All the Opposition and Ministerial journals express indignation at it; and the subject has been discussed in diplomatic and official communications.

There have been food riots in some provincial towns. At Tours, the populace resisted the exportation of grain; soldiers were called out, and many people were wounded, others arrested.

On the 25th, the people of Boulogne resisted the export of potatoes and cattle for England. M. Adam, the Mayor, was mobbed, the sous prefect was nearly killed.

The authorities refused to stop the export of potatoes, but the Mayor wrote to Paris, begging for the free admission of American flour from England. As the law stands, it is prohibited unless shipped direct from America.

Decrease of Crime in Rome.—It is worthy of remark, that since the accession of Pius IX., in June, the number of crimes committed against the person, as well as against property, in the district of Rome, has diminished in the most extraordinary ratio—the month of June offering about 500 cases, July 340, August 230, September 200, and last month's calender falling to 112: the old admirers of the red tape system, coercion and routine, can make nothing of it. It seems to them a sort of witchcraft; aye, such as that by which Othello compassed the willing affection of Desdemona.

The Cholera in Asia.—Advices from the eastern part of Asia Minor, of the 15th ult., state that the cholera had now positively advanced and spread throughout all that province. The mortality had been very severe, but those who adopt the exaggerated idea of its having amounted to 40,000 or 50,000 are certainly at a great distance from the mark. The latest intelligence certainly mentions the presence of that malady at Mossoul, Orfa, Diarbekir, Aleppo, Damascus, &c. From a letter of recent date from Teheran, it appears that from the 1st to the 7th ult. the mortality was so great that there was no time for the decent burial of the dead; they were brought out of the city in loads, to be thrown into large pits dug for the purpose. In Kermanshah the ovens and shops were closed, the butchers and bakers refusing to supply the city with provisions, and most families were by this reduced to such a state of famine that there were considerable apprehensions of a general revolt against the government. In other parts of the country the population had fled to the mountains, often abandoning their families, goods and property; and happy is the family indeed that has not lost one of its members. The statistics of the number of deaths in the large cities of Persia, from this disease are as follows:—Teheran, 14,000 to 17,000; Kermanshah, 9,000; Ispahan, 7,000; Resel 11,000; Hamadan, 3,700; Meshed, 9,000; Shiraz, 750. A letter of the 14th, from Tabriz, mentions the breaking out of the cholera; 100 victims fell the first day of which we have any record.

Mr. Rowland Hill.—This gentleman to whom the adoption, if not the invention of the system of cheap postage is to be ascribed, has been appointed "Secretary of the Post-Master General"—the office having been made for him—with a salary of £1,200.

A Regiment of Amazons.—A new description of military force is now being raised in the commune of Orviers, in the Val de St. Bernard, Switzerland, two companies of women and girls having been armed and organized by the vicar and curate, who have appointed officers and subalterns from among them. These amazons of the church are destined to march as a rear guard of the ecclesiastical free corps of the Catholic Cantons.

Ireland.—The regular employment now so generally given to the peasantry, together with the reduction in the prices of provisions, has already produced a sensible improvement in the condition of the people. Still there remains much distress to be relieved. The differences between O'Connell and the Young Ireland party grow wider every day.

The government are now employing about 150,000 of the poorest of the peasantry on public works.

The amount of rent acknowledged by the Repeal Association, up to the 24th of November last, was £134,379 11s. 4d.

THE MARKETS.

From the Mark Lane Express of Nov. 30.

London Corn Market.—The imports of wheat and flour into Great Britain this year have certainly been immense, equal together to about 3,000,000 quarters. If, therefore, the consumption of bread stuffs had been no greater during the present autumn than it was in the autumn of 1845, we should at present have a large excess of both wheat and flour over what was held at this time last year.

That there really is an excess we entertain no doubt. From the comparatively bare state of the granaries at all the principal depots of foreign in the kingdom, we question whether much more than 1,000,000 quarters of old foreign wheat is left in the country.

The rally which has occurred in prices within the last fortnight, originated in the provincial markets, Mark Lane having followed and not, as usual, led the advance.

Holders of free foreign wheat have remained very firm throughout the week. American flour met with a moderate share of attention; in some instances a trifle more money has been paid for really fresh, sound qualities. On the 5th of the month there were 34,159 cwts. of flour under lock in London.

Accounts received this week from the leading country markets, state that a good deal of business has been done in wheat at better rates. At the shipping ports on the east coast, the supplies have barely kept pace with the demand, and prices 1s. to 2s. per quar. above those previously current have consequently been realized. Whilst this has been the case in the agricultural districts, the tendency has been upwards at the large consuming town, though not in so marked a degree.

Liverpool Corn Market.—The trade from the 19th instant to the present date, December 3, has been rather improved, and more activity prevails. At the market held on the 20th ultimo, a slight advance took place in the value of wheat. 10,000 bbls. bonded flour were taken for investment, Philadelphia and Baltimore commanding 29s. 6d., and prime brands Western 30s. per bbl. Indian Corn declined 2s. to 3s. per quarter and for some of the best white United States 11s. would have been accepted. Wheat was purchased more freely on the 24th at full rates. Canadian and States flour, duty paid, realized an advance of 1s. per bbl.

Liverpool Iron Market, Dec. 3.—A fair demand has existed throughout the past month; the makers continue fully employed, and a steady and large consumption is going on, particularly in the trades connected with the formation and working of railways. The prices of Bar Iron in the Liverpool market is unusually low, as compared with the makers' prices in Wales; and as the make of Merchant Bar Iron is much reduced, there seems no reasonable expectation that the makers will reduce their price; this will make it necessary on a further reduction of stock, (which is now only moderate) to advance the prices here. This effect is beginning to be produced, and will most likely continue, but we do not anticipate much variation before the end of the year. The following are the quotations delivered in Liverpool:—Scotch Pig, £4 5s.; Merchant Bar, £9 5s.; Best Rolled £11; Hoop £11 5s.; Sheet, 12; I. C. Charcoal Tinned Plates, 31s.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

The news from the army is unimportant. The Division of General Wool will join General Taylor by the way of Saltillo. On receiving the news of the capture of Tampico, General Patterson despatched two companies of artillery under Capt. Norman, to that place, from Camargo. Captain Norman took with him "100 cannon," (doubtful) including a number of howitzers, with 180 men. The next arrival, it is expected, will bring the full particulars of the movements upon the Rio Grande.

We see it stated that the road between Monclova and Monterey passes through a country where no water can be obtained for one hundred miles.

FROM MEXICO.

The New Orleans Picayune has received city of Mexico papers to the 17th ult., two weeks later than the previous advices. The papers contain the correspondence of Generals Taylor and Santa Anna relative to the termination of the armistice. Public attention is very much engrossed with the preparations for the meeting of Congress.

The official paper says that the Executive is anxious for the assembling of Congress even before the time fixed by law, in consequence of the urgent nature of the subjects which are to be brought up for consideration. The first in importance, are stated to be the events of the war with the United States, the necessity of great resources to sustain it, and some other points relative to this important business. The papers are filled with official communications from the different States assuring the Government of public tranquillity. There is no indication of Almonte leaving the War Department, and a great variety of orders are published emanating from him.

In an urgent appeal to the new Congress made from San Luis, the deputies are entreated to entrust Santa Anna with the Dictatorial power for the prosecution of the war. There is nothing definite from the army concentrated at San Luis, and no mention is made of the dissentions which were said to exist in Santa Anna's ranks. He had directed that the capitol should be fortified with energy, and a considerable number of troops were arriving for the defence of the city. Senor Villamil had been appointed minister of finance and took the oath of office on the 17th. The tone of the Mexican papers is less arrogant towards the United States.

In the correspondence between General Taylor and Santa Anna, terminating the armistice, the latter complains of bad faith, but says he is ready to meet him on the field of battle. General Taylor asks the release of the American prisoners sent into the interior, on the ground that all the Mexican prisoners had been set at liberty. Santa Anna says in his reply that the generosity of General Taylor had been responded to in the same spirit, all the prisoners at that post (San Luis) seven in number, having been released and furnished with seventy dollars to procure sustenance upon the road. Santa Anna says, 'From the spirit and decision manifested by all Mexicans, you should banish all idea of peace while a single North American in arms treads upon the soil of the Republic and there remains in front of its ports the squadrons which make war upon them;' he adds, however, that it will remain with the Mexican Congress to determine.

The El Locomotor of Vera Cruz, dated Nov. 18th, contains an extract from an official despatch, stating that the people of the city of the Angels, California, on the Pacific, combined with the Indians, had taken several boats belonging to the United States Squadron, and cut the throats of one hundred and fifty soldiers found on board. This doubtful despatch is dated Mazatlan, Oct. 28.

A letter from a friendly source in the interior of Mexico says:—

"This country is in a terrible situation; and every day it becomes deeper and deeper involved in difficulties. Notwithstanding the people must see the folly of persisting in a war which will end in their ruin, and in which they have been unsuccessful every time they have met with the enemy, still they will not listen to terms; and it is said, although I do not vouch for the fact, that they have rejected the mediation offered by England.

"There have been serious apprehensions of a Saqueo in Mexico, and of a massacre of all the foreigners there. Placards threatening the Americans have been posted on the walls of the houses here; and in Vera Cruz a plot was discovered in which all foreigners, without distinction, were to be assassinated—beginning first with the Spaniards. There is nothing but hard blows for such a race, and quickly dealt, for every act of commiseration shown to them is construed into fear. General Taylor mistook entirely his customers when he allowed the officers and soldiers at Monterey to march out of the place with their arms; for this battle has been turned into a victory here, and repeated in every paper printed in the country as a brilliant affair for the Mexican arms. If the Americans don't keep a sharp look out upon Santa Anna, he will play them a trick as sure as he has a wooden leg; not by any exploit in the field, for I don't think he will risk a fight, but by some cunning or duplicity which he understands better than any man living.

"We are suffering from contributions of all kinds, levied under the pretext of carrying on the war, but which serve to enrich a parcel of vagabonds, who speculate upon the debility of their countrymen. Everything has risen in value; so that in addition to the disgusts we receive daily from seeing ourselves in print called robbers, violators of female chastity, *enemigo de la santa religio*, and other such epithets, we are taxed to the eyes with all sorts of *impostos*."

STILL LATER.

Movements of Troops—Three Thousand Mexican Cavalry near Saltillo—Contemplated Attack on Victoria—Sixty Wagons Captured.

The steamship Alabama arrived at New Orleans on the 15th instant, bringing dates from Brazos to the 11th, and Monterey to the 1st. Among the passengers are about 25 officers, part of them sick, and 250 sick and discharged soldiers, including a number wounded at Monterey. The third Indiana regiment was under marching orders from Monterey for Camargo and onwards. The third and fourth regiment of Illinois volunteers had returned to Matamoros from the mouth of the river, where they had proceeded a few days previous, on their way to Tampico by sea. Gen. Shields was at Tampico, and those two regiments would march under Gen. Patterson to meet him there.

The Tennessee cavalry, since their arrival at Matamoros, had been reorganized into squadrons. Col. Coffee with the remainder of the Alabama regiment, arrived at Matamoros on the 8th. The portion which previously arrived had taken ship for Tampico, but were ordered ashore again. All was life and bustle at Matamoros. The schooner Policy, chartered by the government, had been lost. The steamer Sea was still ashore on the north breakers, and it was feared would prove a total loss.

Gen. Taylor had returned from Saltillo, which was all in the quiet possession of the troops under Gen. Worth. No demonstration had been made against him, though at a distance of only thirty miles the scouts of Gen. Worth had discovered about 3,000 cavalry, said to have been sent from Potosi. Gen. Wool has been ordered by General Taylor to occupy the town of Parras. The inhabitants made no opposition to Gen. Wool, but were prepared to receive him peaceably. His troops are enjoying excellent health, and are in the finest state of discipline.

It was understood that General Taylor would occupy all the posts and towns upon the line of operations to Tampico. He would himself shortly take up the line of march upon Victoria, where rumor says Santa Anna has 10,000 choice troops. The possession of Victoria is indispensably necessary to Gen. Taylor to secure his lines of communication in an attack upon Potosi. Santa Anna would no doubt resist the attempt. Gen. Taylor was expected to march by the 10th December with the 2d, 4th and 7th Infantry, the dragoons under Col. Harney, Bragg's battery and two regiments of volunteers. Gen. Butler would be left in command of Monterey, if his health should admit, otherwise the command would devolve upon Col. South.

Gen. Butler's wound was not improving. It was said on good authority that Santa Anna, fearing that the new Congress which was about to assemble at the Capital would not sustain him, had marched thither with seven thousand men, under the pretence of putting down another outbreak among the populace. Potosi was in a strong state of defence, and daily receiving additions to its strength. Gen. Shields was to take command of Tampico. Gen. Pillow was to take command of the volunteers attached to General Patterson's brigade, and march for Victoria. A rumor prevailed at Brazos on the 11th, and was generally believed, that sixty Government wagons, with provisions and specie, had been captured by Canales, on the road between Camargo and Mier. It was believed that Santa Anna intended to harass General Taylor and make a stand against him, which will soon require hard fighting.

Casualties.

THE LATE STORM.

The recent storm was very disastrous in Chesapeake Bay. In the vicinity of Annapolis, between Chink and Talley's Points, there were nine vessels ashore, and it is supposed that out of this number only three will be got off. The shore is more or less lined with wrecks from Thomas' Point to the Bodkin, and, it is apprehended, many lives have been lost, as well as much property destroyed. Five bodies, two whites and three blacks, have been found on Talley's Point. The Baltimore Sun says:—

"Six bay crafts are ashore on Kent Island, eleven near Thomas' Point, one on Sandy Point, and one had gone to pieces off the Bodkin. A gentleman who came up from Magothy river reports that a large sea schooner was ashore on Cedar Point, hard and fast—she had lost both cables and anchors. A large schooner was sunk on Mountain Bar, off Magothy, on Thursday. In Magothy a number of small craft were ashore, and among them the schooner Index, of Baltimore. A schooner was high and dry ashore at Rock Creek. Our informant also states that the schooner broken up on Bodkin Point was the 'Wicomico,' from Wicomico River—a total loss. He could tell us of no lives lost.

"The gale, we doubt not, has been very severe on the coast, though we have heard but little yet outside of the Capes. We are told that so heavy a blow has not been experienced at Norfolk and below for a number of years. One ship was ashore near Cape Henry and the Southern mail last night leaves room for apprehensions of the worst kind."

LOSS OF THE THOMAS P. COPE.

We have the mournful intelligence to communicate to our readers, of the loss of that noble vessel the Thomas P. Cope, which left this city on the 26th ult., bound for Liverpool.

When nine days at sea one of her masts was struck by Lightning, and fire was thus communicated to the hold, in which was a quantity of hemp, tallow and other combustible substances. For a week the crew, aided by the passengers, succeeded in keeping down the flames, and at the end of that period a vessel hove in sight and released them from their perilous situation. Upon the hatches being opened, after every one had left the ship, the flames burst out with great fury.

The escape of the passengers and crew under such circumstances was truly wonderful. The vessel was owned by the Messrs. Copes of this city. She was insured for $18,000 in this city. The cargo, which was nearly all on foreign account, consisted of 2,650 barrels of flour, 1,450 barrels of corn-meal, 7,500 bushels of wheat, 1,158 bushels of corn, 93 hogsheads and 70 barrels of tallow, 93 bales of hemp, 644 kegs of lard, 800 sides of leather, 41 cases of pickles, and 3 carriages—and is probably all insured in Liverpool.

General News.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

We regret to announce that the large publication establishment and book store of Messrs. Thomas Cowperthwaite & Co., in Market street above Third, in this city, was totally destroyed by fire early on the morning of the 23d inst.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

The New York correspondent of the Ledger, under date of 22d inst., says:—

There is but tolerable inquiry for cotton to-day, and purchasers are not anxious to buy at the present advance. It appears to be a generally entertained opinion that prices will have to come down to the former rates.

Flour has also given way, and sales to-day are made at $5,50 for Genesee, and Western freights have advanced to 5s. sterling, which is a severe check on the market.

Corn, too, has receded, and sales of 50,000 bushels have been made to-day at 68a70c; holders of wheat ask $1,25, but sales have been mainly at [illegible]; rye will command 85c.

The demand for pork has increased, and sales of 2,000 bbls. mess at $10a10,31, and prime at $8. But little is doing in beef; mess $8.50, prime $6,25. Butter is in demand at 16a20c. Cheese—boxes 7¼a8¼c.

U. States 6's sold this morning at 98¾, seller's option 60 days; Pennsylvania 5's rose ¼; Erie security fell ¼; New Orleans City Bank 1; Canton ½; Harlem ¼; Reading ¼; Nor. and Wor. fell ¼.

Pennsylvania Always Ready.—The Washington correspondent of the Ledger says:—Vice President Dallas received in the course of to-day (22d) an important despatch from his Excellency the Governor of Pennsylvania, now in Philadelphia, stating that the Second Pennsylvania Regiment was ready, and that a Third was anxious to start if the President required their services. The Vice President instantly offered the services of the Third Regiment, but the President regretted he could not in justice to New Jersey, accept them, as the latter State had claimed her right to furnish the quorum."

Mexican Elections Favorable to Peace.—The *Franco American*, published in New York states that a letter has been received from the City of Mexico, dated November 17, in which it is affirmed that the elections have taken a turn decidedly favorable to peace, and that the overtures of the United States will be taken into serious consideration by the Congress.

Just Decision.—The House of Delegates of Virginia, after a debate of two days, on Thursday week, refused, by a vote of 73 to 47, to pass a bill granting a general amnesty to all persons who may have incurred the penalties of the duelling law. The law of Virginia disqualifies from holding office under the State all persons engaged in duels.

The Telegraph.—The Magnetic Telegraph from the United States to Canada, will cross the Niagara River some 80 rods above Lewiston and Queenstown. Posts are being erected from Buffalo via Rockport, Lewistown, Queenstown, and Hamilton to Toronto, and will be continued down the lake and the St. Lawrence to Quebec.

Brigadier Generals.—The contest for the command of the Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts brigade, is now said to be between General Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, General Ward, of Westchester, and J. W. Webb, of New York.

Differences.—A difficulty is said to have sprung up between Gen. Wool and Col. Harney, on account of which the latter is to join Gen. Taylor. A difference is said also to exist between Gen. W. and Colonels Hardin and Yell.

Large Estates.—Charles Augustus Murray, son of an English Peer, owns thirty thousand acres of land in Wisconsin, which he purchased at a government sale.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James K. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Doss, F. F. Journey, F. J. Hawes and Geo. W. Beaver.*

JOHN MUNRO, Canada, East and West.

ARO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Rev M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stow, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Calhoun.*

THOMAS BEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

GEAR S ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspapers or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Milton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.

Received from John Hulsey, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly indorsed.

JAMES JORDAN, *Post Master.*

(Signed)

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Milton, Pa., September* 18, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR—I have this day received from *John Hulsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

JAMES JORDAN, *Post Master.*

(Signed)

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 17th, the appointment of the Hon. Mr. Mason as Secretary of the Navy, was confirmed by the Senate. A large number of army promotions and appointments were also confirmed; and among them that of George M. Lauman, of Pennsylvania, as Quarter Master in the army.

Bills were presented, on leave being given, for the erection of a custom house at New Orleans for branch mints at New Orleans and Charleston, and a dry dock at Pensacola.

Also, a bill to establish a national armory at Mapec, Illinois.

On motion of Mr. J. M Clayton, the Vice President was authorized to appoint a select committee on the subject of French spoliations.

On motion of Mr. Breese, the Committee on Commerce was instructed to inquire as to the expediency of making appropriations for the improvement of our harbors.

The Senate then went into an executive session and afterwards adjourned over to Monday.

On the 21st, Messrs. Bright, Rusk and Houston appeared in their seats.

Mr. Calhoun presented the credentials of Mr. Butler, of S. C., who was qualified.

Mr. Barrow offered a resolution calling on the President to inform the Senate whether any agent had been sent by him to Havana, in relation to the return of Santa Anna from Mexico, and calling for all the correspondence in relation thereto. Lay over.

Mr. Semple introduced a bill to remodel the Consular system.

Mr. Breese introduced a bill creating the office of Surveyor General of Oregon.

Mr. Barrow brought forward a bill to provide for the survey of the mouth of Red river.

Mr. Atchison presented a bill for the relief of the heirs of John Paul Jones.

A bill was reported from the Library Committee for the relief of the widow of Alex Hamilton.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 17th, Mr. Winthrop offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of War to furnish a statement of the expenditures for harbors, roads and fortifications in the several States and territories.

The House then proceeded to the election of Chaplain.

On the third ballot the Rev Mr Sprole was elected, having received 115 votes.

Mr. Dewey had 45, Mr. Tinsley 18, and Mr Storrs 3.

Mr Douglass, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of Iowa into the Union, which was read twice and ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

On the 18th, Mr Boyd, from the Military Committee reported a bill to increase the pay of the volunteers and regulars two dollars per month, from the commencement of the war; and to grant 160 acres of land to all serving during the war unless sooner discharged. Mr. Boyd moved to go into a committee of the whole for the purpose of considering this bill. Mr McKay thought the bill was a very important one and he wished for time to examine its provisions. Mr. Boyd's motion was lost.

Mr Wentworth called for the order of the day, being the consideration of private bills, a large number of which were passed.

On the 19th, Mr King, of Georgia, asked leave to present a memorial from the Chamber of Commerce of Savannah, praying the aid of Congress to remove obstructions in the Savannah River; but objection being made by Mr. Payne, of Alabama, the House refused to suspend the rules, and proceeded to the consideration of bills on the private calendar, being unfinished business of the last session. The bill under consideration when the House adjourned yesterday, in relation to the Wyandot lands in the State of Ohio, was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

A protracted discussion then ensued on the bill for the relief of Alvin C Gwin, authorizing and directing the Secretary of War to pay or cause to be paid to him, $30,000, in full, for compensation while employed at the Washington Arsenal in building machinery and experimenting upon war rockets in 1839, '40 and '41, for the use of the rocket-press and boring machine, patented by him, and now in use at the arsenal, and for the articles heretofore devised and used by him in manufacturing rockets. Gwin in disclosing the ingredients, &c., to the Secretary of War, &c. &c. The debate was continued until nearly 3 P. M., when, without any action on the bill, the House adjourned.

On the 21st, Mr Brodhead moved a suspension of the rules, in order to introduce a resolution requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the House on what articles the duties imposed by the act of 46 can be enhanced, to what extent, and what additional revenue would accrue therefrom. The yeas and nays were demanded upon the motion to suspend, which was lost, 69 to 97.

Bills were introduced to reduce and graduate the sales of public lands; to provide for the ascertainment and satisfaction of the claims on account of French spoliations; improvement of the Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas Rivers, and for the erection of a Custom House at Savannah, and were all read twice and referred. Mr. Rathbun offered a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to state whether any agents had been employed and paid to aid in the preparation for the going into effect of the tariff of 1846, and whether gauges, &c. under the tariff of 1842 had been continued under the new tariff—adopted.

Mr Thompson presented a resolve with a long preamble declaring that the acquisition of territory by conquest when not absolutely necessary for self protection, was repugnant to the genius of republican institutions; and that to require from conquered nations the payment of the expenses of the war was unjust. That when Mexico makes reparation for scandalous indebtedness and establishes the Rio Grande as the boundary line then their conquered territory should be restored. The House refused to suspend the rules in order to consider the proposition by a vote of 33 to 128.

The special order of the day, being the bill to provide for the admission of Iowa into the Union, was taken up and passed.

The bill granting a pension to Kelly, Ringgold's mutilated trumpeter, was also passed.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, on referring the President's Message.

Mr Seaborn Jones made a speech of an hour, after which the Committee rose.

Communications were received from the Secretary of the Treasury and Post Master General. Adjourned.

On the 22d a message was read from the President, reply to Garret Davis's resolution, with the documents on the subject from the War and Navy Departments containing all the orders and instructions emanating from those departments. The message declares that no instructions had been given which were not clearly authorized by the law of nations. Some acts had been committed by Gen. Kearney in New Mexico which were not approved, but the official information in relation to them was not in the possession of the President at the time the annual message was transmitted. If the authority given had been exceeded, it could be rectified without harm.

GREAT MORTALITY.—The loss of the troops by sickness on the Rio Grande since the opening of the campaign, is estimated at

Miscellaneous News.

ADDITIONAL SECURITY TO THE FOUND STEAMBOATS.—Since the loss of the Atlantic, the Norwich and Worcester line have adopted the suggestion of adding masts to the steamboats navigating the Sound. Two masts have been added to the steamboat Worcester, which is now a staunch schooner as well as a steamboat. The Cleopatra has received a strong foremast, ship rigged, and both vessels carry sails, with which they can make almost any port in a storm without steam. Heavy anchors have been added. If the Atlantic had had a good anchor, she might have outridden the storm in safety, and so many lives not have been sacrificed.

COMING.—Passengers, crowded together in small cabins, are arriving in great numbers from England. The Sabattia at Boston, from Liverpool, had on board one hundred and seventy-three passengers. Six died on the passage. They are said to be in the most deplorable condition of any that ever arrived at that port. They are helplessly sick, destitute of clothing and of means, and it is said they have been sent out from the English workhouses.

PHONOGRAPHIC ECLIPSE!!—The Boston Post, in an article respecting a new phonographic paper just published in that city, says that "Professor Gouraud has invented a still more novel method of writing, called 'Cosmophonography.' By it one may write with mathematical exactness the pronunciation of any spoken language in the world. So says the Professor.

NEW APPOINTMENT.—Col. James Gadsden, of South Carolina, has been appointed by the President, Brigadier General, to take command of the regiments of volunteers from Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.

STONE CUTTERS.—Several thousand stone cutters are coming out to this country from England. "What an army for Mexico They would hammer out a *peace*—(no pun intended, 'pon honor) in the shortest possible time."

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD COMPANY.—The Directors of this Company have resolved to pay interest on the old stock after the road shall be opened to Binghampton, and until it is completed to Lake Erie.

BRICKS.—The number of bricks made last year in this country is estimated at 2,000,000,000, employing 50,000 men in their manufacture. The expense of making bricks varies from $2 to $7 per thousand.

FREE WHITE LABOR.—An experiment of free labor by white people is to be tried in Milledgeville, Georgia. A factory is to be started in that place in which only white persons are to be employed.

DIVISION OF SPOILS.—The prize money accruing by the various prizes taken at Tobasco and Tampico amounts to $220,000, of which government gets one half and the officers and seamen the other.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.—The General Court of Virginia have decided that the testimony of an individual who denies the doctrine of future punishment, is admissable in the Courts of that State.

ENDORSING.—Governor Edwards, of Missouri, in his message, recommends that the law should require a man to obtain the consent of his wife before endorsing for another. Pretty good.

Foreign Items.

☞ The personal income of the French King is about the same as that of the Queen of England, two millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. To use the language of the Bourse, it is payable in monthly instalments, and always in advance. The heir to the throne receives, besides about four hundred thousand dollars a year.

☞ The St Petersburgh Gazette announces that the Russian troops on the 16th of October defeated Schamyl, killing 800 of his followers, and taking four pieces of cannon, 21 caissons, several colors, 300 prisoners, and the axe which was always carried before him.

☞ A letter from Paris has the following:—"Such is the demand for Irish labourers on the railways in France, that they can earn from 5 francs to 7 francs a day, while the native workmen only receive from 2 to 3½ francs.

☞ Rouge lately presented a petition to the King of Prussia for permission to preach; but he was ordered to leave Berlin for Breslau immediately, and two gendarmes were sent to conduct him to the railway station.

☞ The following toast was lately given at a public dinner: "The Fair Sex—There's a ruddy half to the peach, a mellow half to the pear, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to man.

☞ There is a rumor that Lord Morpeth, on the part of the English Government, is negotiating for the purchase of the house where Shakspeare was born.

☞ In the new penal code for the Eastern Provinces of Prussia, which is to be presented to States next session, corporal punishment is further abolished.

☞ It is stated that Dr Heller, of Vienna, has prepared gun tow in the same way as cotton, and that its explosive force is far more considerable.

☞ The Sultan has appointed Mr. Churchill, an Englishman, to the editorship of the *Dyersdo Hecada*, the only Turkish newspaper published.

☞ "The Battle of Life" will be the title of Dickens' new Christmas work.

☞ Ibrahim Pacha has sent two of his sons to England to be educated.

Items of News.

THE PARKERSBURG CASE.—The General Court of Virginia has ordered the discharge of the three citizens of Ohio, who had been arrested for kidnapping slaves from Virginia. A majority of the Court decided that the offence was committed beyond low water mark on the Ohio, and there fore not within the limits of the jurisdiction of Virginia.

VILLAINY.—Some villains attempted recently to make a breach in the embankment at the Conneaut Reservoir, one of the supplies of the Erie Canal. Had it been successful a loss of life and great destruction of property would have ensued, and we are glad to see that the Canal Company have offered a reward of $500 for the arrest of the miscreants.

LARGE SHEEP.—The Skaneateles, New York Columbian says that Mr. Joseph Eror, of Stafford, slaughtered a sheep a few days since, the meat of which weighed 98 lbs, and the tried tallow 51 lbs. 11 oz. The country about Skaneateles is admirably fitted for the raising of all kinds of stock.

CAPE MAY LIGHT HOUSE.—The U. S. Government has ordered a massive wall of stone to be built around this structure, to prevent the encroachments of the sea from undermining its foundations, which has been seriously threatened of late. Vessels have already commenced carrying stone to that place.

RAILWAY TO EASTON.—Application is to be made to the New Jersey Legislature to incorporate a company to make a railroad from the western terminus of the Elizabethtown and Somerville railroad to the borough of Easton, Pennsylvania, and from thence to the Delaware Water Gap.

ELECTION OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.—A bill to give the people (instead of the Legislature) the right to elect the Electors for President and Vice President, has been reported by the Senate of South Carolina, by the adoption of a motion to indefinitely postpone it—ayes 26, nays 16.

A NATION'S GRATITUDE.—Among the bills passed by Congress within a day or two past, is one granting to the heirs of Sergeant Champe, the gallant soldier who made such a desperate effort to capture Arnold—a sum of money equal to the compensation pay of an ensign.

BEFORE THE MAILS.—The mails received in Indiana in the early part of December, were in such a saturated condition that the Post Master was obliged to resort to the expedient of baking the letters and papers in a baker's oven.

MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.—The quota of volunteers requested from Massachusetts, cannot be obtained in that State, so great is the popular feeling against the war.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The poems of Miss Anne Lynch are to be collected and published. They will make a valuable volume. Miss Lynch resides

THE CHAIN FORTUNE.—Mr. Enoch Chase, of Seabrook, N. H., recently discovered a grey wolf in his hen coop, making decided havoc among the descendants of Lord Townley's chanticleer.

BUSINESS BEGINNING OUT.—Capt. Jones' Company, of Buncombe, N. C., which was accepted last Spring, now utterly refuses to go, upon the new terms offered by the President.

PAPER CURRENCY.—A doubloon (about sixteen dollars) was worth *four hundred and thirteen dollars*—paper money, in Buenos Ayres, at the last dates.

DECLINED.—Hon. Andrew Stewart will not consent to be a candidate for nomination for Governor by the Whig State Convention of the 9th of March next.

☞ Mr. Forrest's late engagement at the Boston theatre was the most successful on record; it continued fifteen nights, and the average receipts were $950 per night, producing $8,200.

PROFESSOR HENRY.—The Secretary elect of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, was once a silversmith's apprentice.

ACCEPTED.—The services of the Reading Artillerists have been accepted by the Governor.

WHEAT.—About 100,000 bushels of wheat are remaining in Buffalo for winter storage.

Latest Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.—The London and Paris Magazine of Fashion, contains the following *modes* for December:

Gauzes Constantine, Aira faconnes, Siam crapes, Mousselines Loina Fernanda, bareges Haydee, with organdys, tulles, &c., are the fashionable materials of full dress; for walking and negligee plaids of every dimension, checked foulards, taffetas chinois in stripes or waves; taffetas mauves shot with lilac, gitons taffetas shot with a different tint of the same color, and peletines of two contrasting colors, all much worn. In silk materials the corsages are frequently made with the corsage open in front, having collars and revers turned back and confined by pattes et gimp, or even simple cord others are tight and close to the throat with two deep revers confined at the bottom by brandenbourgs and tassels, which reach to the bottom of the skirt. Negligee dresses are without point, and when they close behind have narrow ceintures and buckles; they also have revers from the shoulders to the waist, and ladies will hung to wear high corsages in evening dress, have the revers covered with lace. Furs at this season are used to ornament dresses as much as for out-door costume. Chinchilla and sables are the most fashionable furs this season—Mantelets and visites of chinchilla are very elegant. Mantaux, mantelets, chatelaines, visites, pardessus, are all now in request with the newest styles, the Rosinette, the Garrick, Manteau Gee, Infanta, and Moorish.

The bonnets most approved have the forms a little spread, and rather deep at the ears, forming a circle round the face and hair. Black velvet bonnets are almost confined to the aged. The most elegant ones are of plain colored velvets—many of emerald green are lined with a lighter shade of green. All shades of gray are fashionable, with ornaments, of precise color. Capotes or capotines of satin are trimmed with velours epingle. Ostrich feathers are much worn, but not long, merely the tips. Colored lace is also used corresponding to the color of the bonnet, a fanchon of velvet the same as the bonnet, edged with black lace is very pretty, and very elegant bonnets. Capotes of satin are ornamented with bias of velvet; dark bonnets are often lined with pale colors. Maps of the Pompadour style, the Genevieve, the Marguerite, the Sylphide, are fashionable. Hats of satin, and velours, are historical *costumes*, are in favor; pretty little coiffures, merely ornamenting the top of the head, are made of ribbon and black lace. The most novel style are the pointes, or half squares, bials de fichers of application lace, &c., intended to imitate the coiffures of the age of Marie Meunart. They are also used for bonnets, and are worn with a veil, covering the crown, the corners uniting by a bunch of flowers, or bows of ribbon.

Bank Note List.

☞ Same as last week, with the exception of Lehigh County Bank, (Pa.,) 1 dis.

Yazd. Del. Bridge Co., (N. J.,) 15 dis.

All solvent banks, (La.,) 1 dis.

All solvent banks, (Tenn.,) 2½ dis.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.—In the midst of merry making and good humor, let us not forget that moderation both in eating and drinking is the only rational means of securing to ourselves a merry Christmas.

It is not our purpose to encourage any species of intemperance, yet as the most circumspect may, at times, be induced to be an offending of the good rules of order, we may be permitted to recommend *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* as a most valuable preparation in the world for removing headache, sick stomach, loss of appetite, looseness of spirits, and all other complaints which arise from an improper condition of the stomach.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are aid and improve digest n, and purify the blood, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every name from the body.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from the Proprietor, or his Agents, or a certificate of Agency, or at the OFFICE and GENERAL Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. WILLIAM Warner Gilbert, Office sole of the medicine, and by retail, No. 188 Greenwich street, New York, No. 195 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING ON SATURDAY EVE.

FLOUR & MEAL.—The demand for the superfine flour has been good, and the probability of reduced stocks on the sealing in of winter, has enabled holders to realize better prices—the week's sales for shipment exceeding 10,000 bbls at $4 62½@4 75, and a good brand at $4 81½ per barrel. Rye flour has sold at $3 50@4 per bbl. Corn meal has been in good request, and fine Virginia sales have been made at $3 00@3 12½ per bbl for Pa.

GRAIN.—The supplies of wheat have not really fallen off, and the continued scarcity of suitable vessels to carry away the accumulating stocks in the hands of shippers, has materially decreased the demand—sales of Pa. red wheat at $1.03@1.05, and white at $1.05@1.10 per bushel. Rye has sold at 73@75c. Corn—Steady sales of Pa. yellow at 69@71c for old, and 56@58c for new; old southern is worth 63@66, and new do 54@55 cts. Oats—Southern have been sold to some extent at 38@39c.

PROVISIONS.—There has been but little demand for articles under this head, since our last weekly review. Mod rate sales of western pork at $9.75@10 per mess, and $9.75@10 for prime per bbl. Bacon—Hams also been in moderate request, and we note sales of western hams at 5½c, and canvassed at 5½@c, 5½@ for sides, and 3½ 4 for shoulders, according to quality and condition. Lard has been in fair demand, and sales to a moderate extent have been made at 7½c in kegs and bbls.

ASHES.—The sales of western pots have been to a considerable extent, at 5c per rate.

BARK.—The demand continuing good, and the supplies light, prices have further advanced, and several parcels have changed hands at $26 50 per ton for first quality No. 1.

BEESWAX.—Pieces continue steady, with small sales.

CANDLES.—Spermi are steady in price, with small sales. Tallow are also without change.

COAL.—The demand continues to a fair extent for Anthracite, for city consumption, and no further change in prices have occurred this week.

COFFEE.—The market continues very firm, with a good demand, and light stocks. Among the sales we note 1,000 bags Rio at 7½@7¾; 300 St. Domingo at 6¾ 7, and 800 Laguayra at 7½@8c.

COTTON.—The market continues inactive, but our quotations are fully sustained. The week's operations amount to 700 bales, including Upland, Mobile, and N. Orleans, at our quotations.

Middling to good m.d.,	8½@
M.d. fair to fair,	8½@8¾
Fully fair to good fair,	10@10½
Good and fine,	10½@11

COPPER.—Sales of sheathing at 24½c.

DOMESTIC GOODS.—We alter our figures on some descriptions of cotton goods and yarns to conform to the higher cotton estimates for them. There is little or no stock now in the market for these goods, the demand being over for the season, and no speculative feeling existing. Holders are very firm, and in view of the very considerable advance in the raw material, are expecting higher rates. Cotton has advanced to such an extent as to increase the cost of producing heavy cotton goods from 1½ to 2c per yard upon the prices of this date last year.

FISH.—The demand for mackerel has become quite limited, without further change in prices.

FEATHERS.—Are in moderate request. Sales of 15@ 200 lbs fair to good western, at 28@30c.

HAY.—The supplies continue light, and prices are very firm. The transactions have been limited this week.

HIDES.—No operations have come to our knowledge this week.

HOPS.—Small sales of 1.c. net at 16@18c.

IRON.—The market has been quiet this week, and we hear of no large sales.

LATHS.—Continue scarce, and wanted, at full rates.

LEAD.—The market is very firm, and we note sales of 5,000 pigs western at 4½c, 6 mos.

LEATHER.—Comes forward freely, and with a good demand, prices continue steady.

LUMBER.—Prices are steady for all descriptions with moderate demand. The amount sent to market from the Lehigh this season, is as follows:

	Feet.
Week ending 12th inst.	118,613
Previously this season,	27,005,413
Total this season	27,124,026

MOLASSES.—We noted last week the sales of some of the recent supplies of New Orleans, at full rates—since then the st ock has been quiet, owing to the weak of stocks in which to operate.

NAVAL STORES.—The market is quiet; last sales of sale turpentine was at $3.25 per bbl. Tar has been selling at $1.93¾@1.97½; and pitch is worth $1.25 per bbl. Rosin—Several hundred bbls have been sold at $1.62½ per bbl. In spirits of turpentine no further change

OILS.—Linseed is only in moderate demand, at 60@61 cts in casks and bbls. Sperm continues held at 97 cts, a $1 05 for fall, and $1.01.10 for winter oil. Whale also sells readily at 37@38c. Lard oil continues in good demand, and prices tend upward.

PLANTER.—We note several cargo sales at $3.25@ 3 12½ and $1.50 per ton, according to quality. The stock is nearly red-ced.

RICE.—The market is better supplied, and we note sales of 100 casks at 4@4½c, which is a decline.

SALT.—We note sales of about 6000 bushels Turks Island at 36@40c.

SEEDS.—Clover-seed has been in good demand, and sales to some extent have been made at $4.25@4.37½ per bushel—closing at the latter rate. Flaxseed also continues brisk, at $1.33@1.35.

SPIRITS.—French brandy continues in limited request at $1a2 05 for Bordeaux, and $1.05@1.10 for Rochelle. Gin is worth $1.25@1.40. N. E. Rum is dull at 27@28c. Whiskey has been selling at 25@26c in bbls and hhds.

SUGARS.—The supplies continue light, and we have only to notice small sales of New Orleans at 7½@7c and 1000 hogsd Cuba brown at 7½@7½c. About 600 hhds were expected to arrive.

TALLOW.—The market is nearly bare, and prices have advanced.

TEAS.—Demand moderate, at steady rates.

TOBACCO.—The demand for Kentucky continues on a very moderate scale, at previous prices. A sale of Cuba leaf at 12c.

WINES.—The market remains quiet, at steady rates.

FREIGHTS.—We continue to quote vessels for Europe in demand, and 5m5s 6d for flour, and 17s@18d for grain, have been paid this week.—*Bull Reporter.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offerings of beef cattle this week were about 800 head, 200 of which were driven to New York, and the balance all sold at $5@6.50 per 100 pounds, in no instance upon the ruling rates last week. 700 cows and calves sold at from $15 to 30 for fees; $19 to 29 for springers, and $7 to 12 for dry. 300 hogs were off-ered and sold at $4.50@5 per 100 lbs. 1100 sheep sold at from $1 to 3, as in quality, and some extra at $3.50.

Baltimore, Dec. 18.—Beef Cattle—The market is more active, and previous prices fully sustained. Offered 1050 head—950 were taken by packers and butchers, at $3 to 3 per 100 lbs on the hoof—equal to $4@5.75 net, and averaging $3.50. Hogs—There is a fair supply, at $4.50 per 100 lbs; killed $4.50 to 4.62½.

Richmond, Dec. 17.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2.50@3.50, net $4.50@5.00, according to quality. Mutton—$3.00@4.00—scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $4@5.00.

SALES OF STOCKS.

200 shares United States Bank,	3¾
20 do Schuylkill Bank,	4
10 do Kensington Bank,	57
5 do Kentucky Bank,	77
$5000 State 5's,	89
$4800 State 5's, b5	89
$5600 Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co. cash,	86
$1800 Lehigh Navigation, cash,	51½
$7000 U. S. 6's, 1856, opg,	104
$4000 State 5's, cash,	89

GRAHAM FOR 1847,

AT THE HEAD OF THE PERIODICALS OF THE WORLD IN POINT OF CIRCULATION AND POPULARITY.

A NEW NOVEL BY COOPER.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF, A POWERFUL SEA STORY,

IN THE BEST STYLE OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED ROVER," "WATER WITCH," ETC.

We have the pleasure of being able to announce to the 50,000 readers of Graham's Magazine, that we commence the publication in the November number of Graham's Magazine, of a new Novel by James Fenimore Cooper, entitled "THE ISLETS OF THE GULF," a Sea Novel, written in the very best vein of that accomplished novelist. This Story, which is *unequaled* for young and the author's brilliant powers in the description of Sea Scenes and incidents, while it will describe most powerfully nautical adventures and engagements, has a delightful vein of sentiment running through the entire work. *The heroine*, "Rosa," is one of the sweetest characters ever drawn by Mr Cooper, and one of the "*Old Sails*" has a vein of humor and home-spun philosophy equal to "Nutty Bumpo," in his best days. This novel will run through twelve or fourteen numbers of "Graham," and we guarantee that it "can," unequalled by anything Cooper has ever written.

Subscribers to the January volume of the Magazine will receive the entire sheets of "THE ISLETS OF THE GULF"—which commences in November. It is understood, that the novel will make from two to fifteen pages extra, in order to finish it in the January number. Subscribers will receive this novel in addition to the usual quantity of reading matter in Graham. The publishers have given

$1,200 FOR THE NOVEL,

and with the Premiums, $1,600 for Prizes, Graham will undoubtedly excel all the Magazines for '47.

ELEGANT PARIS FASHIONS IN EVERY NUMBER.

While all the other monthly periodicals are crumbling to decay, and resorting to every expedient to save themselves from destruction, "Graham" pursues the even tenor of its way, proudly at the head of the periodical literature of the day—with its 90,000 readers, gradually increasing in influence, and extending its circulation. The policy adopted in this Magazine, of giving the best, *both in literature and art*, has established it upon the secure basis of *public confidence*.

We have resolved, so far as "Graham" is concerned, to give a proper direction to the popular taste, and prove that it can be done more speedily to satisfy the literary department of the work—to engage none but the very best writers—to open a field for young writers of merit—and, in fine, to cultivate a NATIONAL PERIODICAL LITERATURE, which shall command respect at home and abroad.

FOR THE NEW VOLUME.

In addition to the host of able writers who have contributed our pages by their productions, we shall have the advantage of being able to publish some of the most brilliant articles that have ever appeared in our language.

IN OUR PRIZE STORIES.

The first of which will appear in the January number The Committee, Dr J. K. Mitchell Hon Robert T. Conrad, and the Author of "Charles Elwood," Mrs Sigourney, Morris, Eagle, are patiently engaged in reading the large mass of manuscripts submitted, and proposed to give their

DECISION ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

We design to commence in the January number, the REVOLUTIONARY PRIZE STORY, as we have already run using through the magazine the new Novel by Cooper, which we commenced.

For the New Year, we have made the most liberal arrangements in regard to the work, with a determination to make

A GREAT NATIONAL MAGAZINE,

Contributed to by the highest talent in the country—free from all religious and sectional differences, and relying on the merit of its literary matter, and the excellency of its illustrations, for a still wider support.

The volume to be opened with a new and beautiful type, the finest white paper, and with a

SERIES OF EMBELLISHMENTS,

unsurpassed by any which have yet appeared in any Magazine.

"GRAHAM" has become the standard of taste in matters of embellishment, and has led the way in everything really beautiful published in the Magazines. The voice of the public press, while it places the work at the

HEAD OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

is unanimous in the announcement, that the work commenced in this country has been as elegantly embellished, but no superior to the

OUR MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS.

It affords us much satisfaction to be able to state, that we have made arrangements with Mr SARTAIN, the accomplished mezzotint engraver, whose plates have contributed so much to the beauty of the Magazine heretofore, by which we secure *his splendid mezzotints for this work alone*. These beautiful engravings will therefore form a feature of *Graham's Magazine*, so that we shall be able to distance anything like competition on the ground.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FASHION PLATES.

These exquisite creations of taste and skill we have engaged exclusively, from the publisher of "Le Follet," and all other efforts to get them have failed. An attempt has been made to deceive the public, by re engraving the old designs; but these duplicates are so far beneath the *original Paris designs sent to "Graham," that they cannot only cast sight*. Our arrangements are complete, and we cannot be equalled in the beauty and correctness of this department of the Magazine. These plates appear in every number.

THE LOWEST TERMS for 1847.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, FOR A SINGLE COPY, OR TWO COPIES NEARLY FOR FIVE DOLLARS invariably in advance, post paid

FOR TEN DOLLARS CASH, free of postage, FIVE COPIES of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR TWENTY DOLLARS CASH, EIGHT EGLES OF THE MAGAZINE WILL BE FOR WARDED and a copy gratis to the Postmaster or others forwarding the money.

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OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 10th to the 18th December.

December 10, received from

W. Taylor	$2 00	D. D. Pennell	10 00
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December 11

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G. W. Cunningham	2 00	D. R. B. Bell	4 00
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December 14.

G. Deakyne	2 00	J. P. Goodell	2 00
Dr. S. S. Marshall	1 00	E. D. Robie	2 00
Miss L. Wallach	2 00	A. Langwes thy	10 00
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December 15

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W.

Appropriate Poem.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE POST, FROM THE GERMAN OF FR. KIND.

Hark! while the wintry storm-winds blow,
Who wanders shivering through the snow?
'Neath the pale moon-beam's chilling ray,
A child, half clad, appears to stray.

This is her form, and pale her cheek,
Her step is faltering, slow and weak,
It seems that she can scarcely stand,
Yet no one lends a helping hand.

List! With faint voice I hear her cry,—
"Oh God! who art in Heaven on high,
Have pity—Hark! from yonder tower
The bell proclaims the seventh hour.

"Ah! is it then indeed so late?
My mistress' anger will be great;
She'll punish me with many a blow,
Because I've dared to loiter so.

"This punishment I'm sure to get
When by the angry dame I'm met;
'Twill be no worse, if I should stay
A little longer on the way.

"At the store windows I will gaze—
What treasures every shop displays!
The merchants as I'm passing by,
In jest purchases, take me to buy.

"How tempting are those trinkets there!
That pretty comb to dress the hair—
That doll with such a lovely form—
And ah!—those gloves of fur so warm!

"But all in vain for them I sigh,
A crust of bread I scarce can buy;
Now all have presents—but for me
No one will dress the Christmas tree.

"See from yon room a fire's bright blaze
Sends through the streets its cheerful rays,
And people through the window stare—
A Christ-child's gifts are surely there.

"Fain would I see, but much I dread
Among the boisterous crowd to tread.
No! to the door I'll softly creep,
And through the key hole take a peep."

The door ajar, permits a view
Where warm lights of many a hue,
In silver stands, the room illume,
While incense waits its rich perfume

While curtains reaching to the floor,
In waving folds, are hung before
Each window,—while on every hand
Church-like the floor is strewed with sand.

And Hyacinths, Tulips, Violets too—
Fresh as if fed by April dew,
Shed through the room their perfum'd breath—
Lovely the scene—but still no death!

As round she casts her eager gaze,
New wonders still the scene displays;
'Neath palm leaves, and with garlands drew'd,
An Infant-Jesus seems to rest.

She seems it seek, and gazing there,
Her heart forgets its wonted care;
Quicken'd by joy her pulses flow,
And paint her cheeks with tender glow.

In silent prayer awhile she stands,
Raising to God her suppliant hands;
The half-shut door then ventures through,
Saying, "Oh, grant to me one view!"

The rustling of a dress she hears,
A lady pale and fair appears,
Who, weeping, and with accents mild,
Exclaimed, "*A peacock, dear little child!*

"Come nearer, dear one, would you see
The angel God once gave to me.
Alas! but one to me was given,
And now her spirit's gone to Heaven.

"The grave to-morrow takes its prey—
Her presents bought for Christmas day,
Accept them—they are lying there—
You are like her so pale and fair!

"Who art thou?" speak!" "An orphan, I
Saw, once a year, my mother die,
And, now, upon her grave, alone
To her, the good, I make my moan.

"A year ago, no coffin drear
Then hid from me my mother dear,
And Christmas morn, a brilliant light
Showed as I woke a charming sight.

"I heard the distant organ sound—
And, waking, by my bed I found
A tree which gilded apples bore,
And with rich gifts 'twas cover'd o'er.

"Now o'er the bed is ta'en away
On which my dying mother lay;
And in her grave, so cold and deep,
I, by her side, would gladly sleep.

"For now with cruel folks I dwell,
Who never, never treat me well;
But though I work from morn 'till night,
With naught but blows my toil requite."

"Your name and age, tell me, I pray."
"Tis 'Lotte, ma'am—I'm seven to-day."—
"Oh, surely you were sent by Heaven!
My Charlotte, too, was barely seven!

"Well! by the pale, cold form, I swear,
Of my dead daughter lying there,
While you're to God and virtue true,
A mother I will prove to you!"

A chorus passing through the street,
Seems her soft answer to repeat—
"God is my refuge and my guide,
For Him He ever will provide!" W——n.

Original Sketch.

THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

High in the deep blue Heaven rolled the silver car of Night's radiant Queen, and the stars were yet glittering in brightness and beauty, when with light and buoyant heart the New Year stepped briskly forth, with all the gladness of a young heir about to take possession of some vast estate. Smiling and happy he arose from his couch of sapphire and gold, and donning his garb of varied hues, looked forth upon his broad and extended domain.

In ceaseless majesty rolled the boundless ocean—myriads of ships cleaved over the white crested billows, and the Organs of the mighty Deep pealed forth continually their solemn dirge o'er the ship-wrecked Dead who sleep in her all-shrouding bosom! There, across the proud cities of the earth—lofty monuments, and stately towers—Christian spire and heathen Fane gleamed afar. Mountains, on whose snow-capped summits the Heavens seemed based, and hills and vales of varied beauty were there. Our emma, Winter had cast his heavy mantle, and the mighty forests shook their icicled arms, flashing as the burnished steel of some warrior host, while over other plains Spring reigned perpetual. Yonder blazed the fierce Volcano, lapping the Heavens with angry tongue, and there the Cataract thundered—while through forest and meadow, through town and village, noble rivers sped on their way.

With all the generous enthusiasm of youth, the New Year received that those over whom he had come to reign should lie ever happy. "Not a tear," thought he, "shall be shed beneath the glorious canopy of Heaven, nor a sigh disturb the peaceful serenity I will diffuse around—the sunlight of happiness shall irradiate every countenance, and pain and sorrow shall be unknown."

"Ah!" said he, as he gazed around, "partiality and injustice have marked the course of the Year whose requiem is even now ringing, for while some are revelling in every luxury, there are others plunged in the depths of poverty and woe. At the bridal feast there is rejoicing, and again, o'er the dying pillow of the young and lovely, of parent and of child, there are others bending in grief unutterable! Surely this beautiful World was not formed to be the abode of wretchedness! As you glorious orb sheds her rays on all alike, so should the bright glow of happiness rest on all the dwellers upon Earth! This moment will I send forth a chosen company to mitigate and relieve."

So saying, he summoned to his presence dove-eyed Peace, smiling Plenty, rosy Health, laughing Pleasure, roguish Love who came with his wings newly fledged, Hope with elastic tread, meek-eyed Content, and Cheerfulness, singing as she came! These he bade go forth and dwell among the sons of men, to visit the poorest cottage as well as the palace, and to distribute their favors equally upon all.

With joyful looks and lightly springing steps the happy company prepared to execute the bidding of the young and generous Heir.

But who are those embroiders that join the train?

In vain would these messengers of happiness outspeed them! With rapid strides dal grim and bloody War pursue fair Peace—Avarice with clinched hand, and Prodigality with open purse, each mind a band of Plenty—Sickness with pallid cheek crept unawares to the side of Health—Misery and Poverty, with squalid mien, followed close behind gay smiling Pleasure—Jealousy shelter beneath the wing of Love—Despondency trod fast in the footsteps of Hope—Envy caught the robe of Content, and Melancholy in sombre garb, with tearful eye, drew near to Cheerfulness, while Death with uplifted dart and aimed with all his terrors, stalked behind!

Even the young Year already felt their baneful influence—sadness o'erspread his brow as he found his inability to stay that ruthless hand, whose mission it was to work woe and destruction upon those whom he would fain have placed in the enjoyment of every blessing. Around him dark and lowering clouds were gathering, when suddenly two bright and beautiful forms drew near.

"Fear not," cried they, "for the happiness of those who inhabit thy domain—we go to alleviate the evils with which they are now threatened. The gifts we bring to the Children of Earth are even more precious than those with which you bright hand at whose head fair Peace walks triumphant are preparing to bestow. Even Death we can disarm of terror! Our names are Religion and Mercy. The pains of Sickness—the stings of Poverty—the gloom of Despondency—the snares of Envy—all, all vanish when we draw near! To those who will accept the gifts we bring, Life Eternal is the reward! Then fear not, for we are the chosen messengers of the Almighty Father!"

So saying and spreading their snowy wings they vanished.

Again the New Year sprung up light and happy, and summoning his followers, Months, Days and Hours, proceeded to enter upon the duties of his station. To these he gave various important missions, and despatched them to every quarter of the Globe; while he, like many a gay and happy youth, prepared to pay his compliments to the fair and lovely of his domain. Clad in a mantle *couleur de rose*, wrought by the rosy tipped fingers of Aurora, he mounted his chariot, and drawn by twelve smiling, joyous Hours, devoted the first day of his reign to Mirth and Festivity.

For the Ladies.

FEMALE TRIALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY M. A. H.

Mr. Editor:—Perceiving that you take pride in being thought willing to do your share in "calling attention to the woes of the fairest part of humanity," I venture to remark, that you may well feel so. And since you desire us "to speak out," please accept these few lines which I will call, not a criticism, but a commentary on "Female Trials."

Meanwhile, if I am thought to lean a little towards the side of those, who, it appears, set no high a value upon "woman's smiles," I hope my interesting and much respected cotemporary, Cleodora, will not thereby conclude that I have turned traitor or State-evidence, but that I only veer a little for the sake of argument. Besides, I often feel inclined to take "The middle line;" especially in the old fashioned music stave I always admired the *B* line, or *Mi* natural. Its medium-like harmony seemed to soothe my nerves, and reconcile me to the extreme of octaves.

Our subject being one not only of universal interest, but of very great importance—the health and happiness of individuals—families, States and Nations depending upon it, we must not, Mr. Editor, waste your time and patience in mentioning—*by poetry and amusing things, but should strive, if possible, to season our articles with some ideas which are sensible and instructive.*

If the married state were in general as smooth and felicitous as we think it might be; or, to personify the word matrimony, if amidst all our superabundance of conveniences and improvements, the superlative ornaments and elegancies of the nineteenth century, matrimony, or, *the matrimonial state*, did but display the ruddy hue of sound and perfect health, then how delightful would it be to prescribe all pleasant and agreeable amusements for her pastime—how proper and how pleasing, when we took up our pen, to strew her path way with nothing save the most delicate flowers and sweetest perfumes! But alas; methinks she looks somewhat sickly. Her pale cheek, her dull and languid eye, her feeble and complaining voice, make us fear that all is not right with her, that she may have deviated too far from the pure regimen, the simples rules of ever faithful and honest nature, and therefore we some, times find it to be our indispensable, though painful duty to prescribe remedies that may be at first far from agreeable.

Our readers will recollect, that the first trial mentioned of poor Mrs Benson's is, an "ill-natured girl, who is willing to do but half the work." Now very possibly this is partly, if not wholly, the mistress's own fault, and she does well not to acquaint her husband with the circumstance, as we deem it to be in truth none of his concern. Why does she not teach her girl to be good natured, and to do as she would be glad to be done by? If she does not know how, that is a fault in her own education, for her to bewail, and for her parents or guardians to answer for; and not a trial to blame her husband for—unless he married her entirely for her personal beauty and ornamental accomplishments, and has given her to understand that there would be no necessity for her to be skilled in the ordinary routine of domestic affairs. If this be the case, he will do the most cruel and inconsistent thing that man ever can be guilty of, if as soon as she becomes a wife, he requires her to step right into his house and perform those duties which she knows nothing about, and which it would take ten years, with good instruction, to learn.

At present, we would recommend Mrs. Benson to take a few lessons of some good sensible matron who does know how. It may be that the woman of trials has fallen into one of the common and fatal errors of the day, by taking into her house, (*for us servants to our country and time are admitted into the family*) a poor ignorant servant girl, and then expecting her to possess the experience of age, and the wisdom and refinement of an educated and highly privileged woman. Or perhaps she treats her girl with such cold spy-like suspicion as to freeze up what she otherwise would know.

"It is Monday morning, eight o'clock, Mr. Benson has taken his breakfast and gone to the office, where the boy has a good fire and the papers are in order," which is a sign that Mr. B. is a good manager, else his papers would be likely to be *out of* order. Mrs. B. would do well to profit by his example, as it is possible that a want of system occasions most of her confusion. But "four children must be got ready for school, Mrs. B. must sponge their faces and smooth their hair." What! five children and none of them old enough to sponge their own faces and smooth their own hair! "She must see that their books, slates, pencils, &c., are all in order." We admit that this is a trouble, and have long thought it one which did not honestly belong to a mother's cares, as these items of stationery ought never to be brought from the school-house oftener than once a month. Our school hours are quite sufficient for study. "And now the baby is crying." Well, let it cry, it will strengthen its lungs, besides we hope one of the four elder children is old enough to comfort the *dear little pet*. "The fire is low," to that grief we can only reply that we hope there is more coal in the cellar. "It is time to daily to clean the parlor." Oh, let the parlor alone till another day! If Dr. Franklin was here, I fancy he would say that we cleaned our parlors fewer and ever and the day afterwards, an unnecessary waste of time, a foolish waste of life! "Company calls." Let them come. All people have to wash their cloths, and cook their dinners. "The clock strikes twelve, and the children rush from school." Why do our schools let out at such an awkward hour? "William cut his finger, and calls loudly for mother." Wm. must have patience, and an excellent time it is for him to be taught it at this early period.

"The pie is not warm enough." That is truly a great pity, as we deem it to be of the utmost importance that our food be prepared just right, if possible, as upon that depends our health of body and mind. But our fifteen minutes are up, and we must close, in the fond expectation of perusing our friend Cleodora in reply to the above.

FEMALE EDITORS ECLIPSED!—We learn from London of two remarkable instances where much praise is due to feminine perseverance and energy—of two women who have performed the work of mechanics with great success. The daughters of General Simcoe, who distinguished himself in the American war, have erected a church on the ruins of the Abbey of Dunkswell, near Honiton, for which they *worked all the stone with their own hands!* Their *atelier* was a large drawing room which had been left in an unfinished condition. Another instance of feminine mechanical labor is given in the case of a Miss Richards of Stow, England, who, with her own hands glazed all the windows in her father's church with stained glass burnt and painted by herself!

A DEVOTED MAN.—It is said of Mr. Pitt, that he was so much taken with the beauty of a young lady, that he drank out of her shoe.

Our Picture Gallery.

[Horses preparing to Start.]

A ROMAN HORSE RACE.

Horse-racing forms one of the principal amusements of the carnival at Rome. The common people, perhaps, do not take so much delight in any other pastime of that gay season. A Roman horse-race, is, however, a very different thing from an American one. Instead of a contest in which the skill and boldness of man are as much displayed as the speed and vigor of the animal he rides, the Roman course presents nothing but the horse which runs without any rider. It is not, however, left entirely to its own spirit and emulation; if it were, the sight would be more interesting, as showing the natural character of the animal: but it is started by noise, and goaded on by contrivances quite as active as the whip and spur of our jockeys.

The barberi, (barbs—so called, perhaps, because the first horses thus employed were of the Barbary breed,) when brought to the starting-post, are gaily ornamented in the front of the head, and sometimes down the neck, with plumes of peacock and other feathers. To a girth which goes round the body of each, are attached several loose straps which have at their ends small balls of lead from which issue sharp steel points,—the motion imparted to these straps by the animals' running keeps up a continual spurring on their flanks and sides. Sheets of thin tin, stiff paper, or some other substance that will make a rustling or rattling noise when agitated, are also fastened on the horses' backs.

The last mentioned articles serve to startle and alarm them, as if the prickly leaden balls were not excitement enough. The rearing, kicking, pawing, and snorting they make, when thus equipped, may be easily conceived. The most interesting part of the sight is that represented in our engraving, when they are just about to start. A very strong rope, secured by a machine on each side, is drawn across the street of the Corso, and up to this each man tries to bring his horse, holding it in, with all his might, by the head. The Trasteverini, and many of the peasantry in the neighborhood of Rome, are remarkably fine, muscular men; and as they generally go to work with their arms and necks bare, and as they have frequently to maintain a struggle of downright strength with their excited horses, the action of their limbs and muscles, and other circumstances, offer a useful exhibition to the sculptor or painter. Though there are no riders, human life is more endangered in these than in our races. Sometimes the horse masters his groom, and breaks away before the Corso is cleared of people, in which and in several other cases, serious accidents are almost sure to happen.

When matters are ready, a troop of dragoons set off from the other end of the Corso, and go at full gallop towards the starting-post, clearing the way; these soldiers then retire, and soon after an officer blows a trumpet from a balcony erected near to the spot whence the race is to begin. At the sound of the trumpet, the strong rope stretched across the street drops, the grooms let go their hold, and off start the horses like arrows from a bow. The harder they run, the more they are pricked. Some of them have been known to be so wise as to stop, when the motion of the leaden balls, of course, would cease; but generally they run on at mad career, and occasionally show emulation and spite, by catching and biting at each other.

The judge of the race is no less a personage than the Governor of Rome, who stands at a window in the palace of Venice, at which building is the goal or winning-post, or, as the Romans call it, "la ringhiera de' barberi." A little beyond this palace the street is shut in with a screen of strong canvass, through which the horses not unfrequently dash, though to their eyes it must look almost like a wall. The prize given to the master of the winning horse is merely an ornamental flag, and a piece of embroidered stuff.

During the first six days of the carnival, which at Rome is limited to eight days, matches of mares, barbs, and other horses, are run alternately; but during the two last days these different classes of animals run all together, and thus naturally add to the riot, danger, and confusion of the exhibition.

Some of the barberi brought up to the rope, though small, being mostly rather older than over fourteen hands, are clean legged, well-formed, compact, and spirited creatures, giving evidence of good blood; but taking the Roman races generally, we doubt, were they mounted, whether they would not be beaten in most of our pony races.

Though betting, which gives such a deplorable interest to our race-course, is by no means common, and the prize considered for as little worth, nothing can exceed the eagerness of the excitable Italians on those occasions. During the heat, the spectators honor with deafening "bravos" the horse that runs well, and hiss and hoot with almost equal noise all such as lag behind.

The Maltese have another very curious method of horse-racing. The horses are indeed mounted, but they are not furnished with saddle, bridle, or any things of the sort; the riders sit on the bare back, and have no reins or anything else in their hands except a small pointed instrument, not unlike a cobbler's awl, with which they prick on their steeds.

These races are held on a grand festival in the month of June, at Citta Vecchia, in the interior of the island. The horses are generally barbs, imported from the neighboring coast of Africa—small, good, hardy, and certainly not swift. To these characteristics of the animals which facilitate such a mode of equitation, we must add the important circumstance, that they are the run or the great effort to made they go up hill.

With an animal of this description, nothing like the velocity and spring action of an American race-horse, it would be impossible to do without the fulcrum of the stirrups;" and it would only be little impossible to stop him without bit or bridle. Indeed, even with such steeds as some of them are, we fancy, if the Maltese would reverse the case, and make the grand run down hill, instead of up, many of them would keep their seats. If, not excite the derision of the Buckles and Chilmeys, of other heroes of the turf, to see a naked legged, naked-armed, red capped, slovenly set of fellows rolling about on their ponies like so many Bacchus sons on wine barrels, flourishing their awls, and bawling out in the most indecorous manner; but, not withstanding this, the Maltese races certainly offer a novel and amusing scene to the stranger.

A venerable man says:—"Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones."

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SONG OF THE FOUNTAIN; OR, THE VOICE OF TRUE RELIGION.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT.

The writer of the following lines was once walking with a friend through a portion of the great state of New York. We had been traversing, one day, a high and arid region, without finding water, for many hours. My friend was ardently seeking religion, and I had been trying to show him the freeness of salvation, as offered in the Gospel. While I was in the act of impressing this great truth upon his heart, happening to cast my eyes a little beyond me on the road, I saw a monument, with its upright column, or pensteck, from which a jet of transparent water spouted up several feet above it, then curled as gracefully as a rainbow, and fell into a granite reservoir, or basin. We both eagerly pressed forward to the fountain, I as eagerly telling him that religion was as free as that water. But imagine my delight when I read a sweet inscription on the pensteck, written in a plain hand, and protected by a glass cover, as if the genius of the mountain rivulet, said that rivulet coming from the throne of God, had penned and posted it. Though many years have since passed, and the words have nearly faded from my mind, I have endeavored not only to recall them, but also to flush the beautiful conception in modest verse. But the reader will wish to know how they affected my young friend. They impressed him most profoundly; and he was soon a converted and happy man.

Come, traveler, slake thy parching thirst,
And drive away dull care;
Thou need'st not broach thy little purse,
For I am free as air;
My source is on the mountain side,
My course is to the sea;
Then drink till thou art satisfied,
Yea, drink, for I am free.

If thou dost spurn my cooling stream,
And heedless spend the day,
No other spring or fount shall rise
O'er all thy desert way;
Then drink of me, wayfaring man,
Nor let the draught be small;
If thou refuse, in vain for help
Or Genii or angels call.

Ten thousand souls at other times,
Have quaffed my gushing store;
Nor ever one, for meanest draught,
Has pined or thirsted more.
Then bow thy head, oh mortal man,
And bend the knee to me;
No purer streams thou'lt ever find,
Or freer fountain see.

CHORUS.

My source is on the mountain side,
My course is to the sea;
Then drink till thou art satisfied,
Yea, drink, for I am free.

Choice Selections.

RENEGADE LIEUTENANT.

A Tale of Monterey.

Some years ago, when there was a considerable military force stationed at Fort Leavenworth, a young officer, whose talents and integrity had secured the unbounded confidence of the government and his superior officers, so as to obtain for him the office of Commissary and Paymaster, at that station, appeared before the Commander of the garrison with the complaint that he had been robbed. He declared that his pocket book had been taken and chest had been broken open, and a large amount of his own and of the government funds taken therefrom. When asked whom he suspected, he said that his first sergeant had disappeared, and as he had placed great confidence in him, and allowed him free access to his room, he strongly suspected that he was the thief.

The colonel immediately ordered several officers and men to take different routes and pursue and arrest the fugitive sergeant. They were soon on his track, though from the start the deserter had of them, there was but little hope of his arrest. The lieutenant who had been robbed also volunteered to pursue the thief, and mounting his horse took a different route from the other pursuers. After a long and severe ride, the sergeant was at last overtaken, in the road, on foot, his horse having foundered. He was immediately arrested and searched, and on his person was found the sum of two hundred dollars, which fact gave strong, if not conclusive, proof of his guilt. When he was taken back to the Fort, a private was sent to inform Lieut. T——— of the capture. The private met the lieutenant returning, a few miles from the Fort, when he informed him that the thief had been arrested. The lieutenant exhibited some little confusion at the announcement, but expressed his gratification at the arrest. As he felt greatly relieved by the information communicated, he remarked to the private that he would take a bye-path and ride over to a grocery on the neighborhood and buy some presents for the men. In the meantime he ordered the soldier to return to the Fort. Accordingly they parted, taking opposite courses. Lieut. T——— never returned to the Fort, nor was he ever after heard seen in the United States. His relatives and friends all believed him to have been killed, either by his own hand or by that of some of the desperate characters who hang upon our frontier.

The sergeant was brought up for examination. The damning proofs were exhibited to him; the money, his flight, &c; his only reply was, "who is my accuser—bring him before me and you shall see which is the thief." But Lieut. T——— could not be found. The sergeant then confessed that he had been bribed by Lieut. T——— to desert and take upon himself the infamy which justly belonged to the lieutenant himself, who was a defaulter to the Government, and wished to cover his crime by the alleged robbery of the sergeant. That he had given him two hundred dollars and a horse, to fly from the Fort, which, after a severe conflict with conscience he at last consented to do, but that before he had gone many miles his horse broke down. He was then overtaken and arrested.

Strange even few persons who would believe this he had a story of the Sergeant, and the fact that not the offer of a serious crime, though perhaps who believed was charged with, prevented the few half. He was strongly delivered over to the officers of justice, and after a fair trial was found guilty and sent to the penitentiary for seven years, where he now is.

On the first of October last, as the first division of the Mexican army were marching out of the city, the force of Gen. Worth was drawn up in line to salute them. One of the officers of the ——— infantry, who was standing in front of his company, observed, as he thought, a familiar face in the Mexican ranks—it was that of a Colonel of one of their regiments. As the Mexican forces halted for the rear to come up, the American officer left his post, and having looked up an old brother officer, both approached the Mexican officer and closely observed him. As soon as the Mexican's eye left upon the faces of the two Americans, he was observed to grow deadly pale, and to pull his cap over his eyes and turn away. But the Americans had seen enough to satisfy them that the Mexican Colonel was no worse than the renegade Lieut. T——— for whose crime a poor man now suffers the infamy of imprisonment in the penitentiary of Missouri. An inspection of the Mexican military roll, and inquiry among the Mexican officers, confirmed the truth of the personal observation of our officers.

We understand that this evidence will be laid before the Executive, for the purpose of obtaining a commutation of the punishment of the unfortunate Sergeant, the victim of the infamous treachery and villany of this base officer, who, to the crime of having disgraced his country's uniform and betrayed its confidence, adds the eternal infamy of the parricide and the traitor.—*N. O. Delta.*

ANTIQUITIES.

We saw yesterday, a Philadelphia directory, published by Francis White, just sixty years ago. Though but a day in the age of nations, the period which has since elapsed, has marked many changes in our fair city. Not only its size and wealth, but its progress in the useful arts, have made rapid strides towards the goal of its destiny. We can imagine the surprise with which the publisher of this relic would have heard a prediction even hinting at the manner in which his own art is now applied. Thinking of these things, we turned to the F's of course, and found the first line running thus:—

"Franklin, Benjamin, his excellency, president of Pennsylvania, Market Street."

However varied and striking the improvements in printing, and the achievements of science, the order of nature and the works of God have known no change. The old press of Franklin, is now an obsolete curiosity, while the man himself sleeps with few parallels in the grave, and few above it.

A little further on, and among the names which are now only known in connection with the streets, lanes, and by-places which they denote, we found the following:—

"Fulton, Robert, Miniature painter, corner of Second and Walnut Streets."

We learned, on inquiry, for we were really at default in the matter, that this was the veritable Robert, whose early and novel freaks of genius, have not only survived him, but will outlive us all. The locomotive palaces upon the Delaware, the Hudson, the Mississippi, and even upon the ocean, are so many monuments to his worth and types of his fame.

We like the penchant which some good people have for hoarding up these old relics. In moments which might be less profitably spent, they call to mind our infancy as a people, and gladden us at our progress."—*Pennsylvanian.*

ABD-EL-KADER.

Abd-el-Kader is little, being not more than five feet high; his face long, and of excessive paleness; his large black eyes are mild and caressing; his mouth small and graceful; his nose aquiline. His beard is thin, but very black. He wears a small moustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and benevolent a martial air, which becomes him exceedingly. The ensemble of his physiognomy is sweet and agreeable. M. Bravais has told me that an Arab chief, whose name I have forgotten, being one day on board the "Lauret," in the captain's state-room, on seeing the portrait of a woman—(Isabeau de Bavière—whom the engraver had taken to personify Europe, exclaimed, "There is Abd-el-Kader!" Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and displays some coquetry in keeping them in order. He is always washing them. While conversing, squatted upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers, or, if this posture fatigues him, he begins to pare the bottom of the nails with a knife and scissors, of which the mother-of-pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he has constantly in his hands. He affects an extreme simplicity in his dress. There is never any gold or embroidery upon his *burnous* or cloak. He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silken stripe. Next to his shirt comes his *haick*—a covering of very thin wool, worn as a wrapper over the head and shoulders. He throws over the haick two burnous of white wool, and upon the two white burnous a black one. A few silken tassels are the only ornaments which relieve the simplicity of his costume. He never carries any arms at his girdle. His feet are naked in his slippers. He has his head shaved, and his head-dress is composed of two or three Greek caps, the one upon the other, over which he throws the hood of his burnous.—*Five Months' Captivity among the Arabs.*

Fun and Frolic.

TAKING A HINT.—A young lady told a gentleman that her silver thimble was nearly worn out, and asked him what reward she ought to have for her industry. The gentleman, in answer, sent her a new thimble the next morning, accompanied by these lines:

"I send a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
'Twill last very long, if but half as strong,
As the last you gave me to buy it."

FASTIDIOUS.—An apprentice in Baltimore complained to a magistrate, that his master was starving him.

"Indeed! what does he give you to eat?"

"Why—why—" lisped the fellow, "nothing but bread, and potatoes, and beef, and mutton, and such like."

"Well, what would you have?"

"Why—why—plum-pudding, and cakes, and roast turkey, and such like!"

WELL ANSWERED.—A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned on a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was much given to browbeating the witnesses, asked him what distance he was standing from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter replied, "just five feet four inches and a half."

"Pray thee, fellow," said the counsel, "how is it possible that you can be so exact as to the distance?"

"I thought," said the carpenter, "that *some fool or other might ask me*, so I measured it."

HOW TO DO IT.—Punch says: "To resuscitate a drowned Yankee—search his pockets."

"To resuscitate a drowned Englishman—broil a piece of beef-steak under his nose."

"A Frenchman may be brought to life at any time by the skilful imitation of a bull-frog in his ear."

"A Spaniard, by applying a garlic to his olfactories."

CLEVER REPLY.—A servant girl in the town of A., whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellows:—"By heaven, she's painted!"

"Yes, sir, and by heaven only!" she very quietly replied, turning round.

The officer blushed and apologized.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—One of our young bloods dining at a fashionable hotel a few weeks since was requested by a gentleman to pass some article of food which was near him.

"Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite.

"No, sir, I mistook you for a gentleman," was the prompt reply.

A GUESS.—"Teddy, my boy, just guess how many cheeses there are in this ere bag, an' faith, I'll give you the whole five."

"Five, to be sure."

"Arrah, by my soul! bad luck to the man that could ye!"

TAKE MY HAT.—At a recent concert in one of the Southern cities, a lady performer was hailed with a shower of bouquets, and among them a "shocking bad hat," was thrown upon the stage by its owner, with the exclamation: "You can take my hat."

WITTY YOUNG LADY.—A young lady was accosted by a clergyman in a lane when going to church; he asked her why she did not go across the fields? Upon which she replied, "They were too stile-ish for her."

Beautiful Poem.

THE MOURNER AT THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER

I have laid thee down, my beautiful,
Where one forefather rest;
I have taught the cherish'd rose to twine
Above thy quiet breast.
The children have then left me, lone!
Beside thy place of sleep;
But thy living love is with us still—
We have [illegible]

Oh, then art happier in thy rest,
And still as dear to me;
No cares can grieve thy tranquil breast,
No clouds thine eye can see.
For thee the summer day is past,
The hour of rest comes down,
The troubled heart hath peace at last,
The humble head, a crown.

I have not fainted at my task,
I have not felt alone;
The memory of thy soft, sweet smile,
Around my path has shone.
The thought, purchasing thy watchful eye
Was lingering o'er me there,
Hath still'd my heart, and hush'd to rest
The waves of my despair.

Oh! thou through all life's stormy sea,
Be with me to the end;
My guardian and my comforter,
My angel and my friend;
And when the hour of death is past,
When sinks my day in night—
Be thine the welcoming step that leads
My soul to endless light.

Selected Articles.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

FROM THE BOSTON EVENING JOURNAL.

I believe some of the correspondents of the Journal have communicated anecdotes illustrative of the sagacity of dogs and other animals; and with your leave I will furnish a few, upon the truth of which you may rely.

The writer once owned a dog whose natural sagacity had been highly cultivated in his puppy days. Innumerable, almost, were the antics which he could perform, to the great delight of all the children in the neighborhood, with whom he was an especial favorite. As, however, these were rather the result of hard drilling than sagacity, they are not worth relating. The early training to which he had been subjected, had, however, the effect of expanding his powers, and giving a general enlargement to his intellect. He acted often as though having a perfect comprehension of language, and as showing the exercise of a reasoning faculty. For instance—One morning I had occasion to borrow an article at a store in the village, and calling at several other places on my way home, I returned to my room. Some few hours afterward, wishing to return the borrowed article, I placed it in "Hero's" mouth, with the direction to take it to the store of Mr. B. I gave the order as an experiment, not much expecting it to be successful; but he received the article readily, trotted out of the room and down the street without hesitation, until he entered the proper store, laid his charge upon the counter and returned to his master.

As was no more than natural, Hero seemed much interested in every butcher and butcher's cart which came into the neighborhood of his master's house. By watching attentively the butcher's proceedings, he arrived at the fact that meat could be obtained for money. In some of his wanderings about the house, he found a cent in an exposed situation, and appropriated it to his own use. The next time that a butcher's cart came into the neighborhood, Hero made his appearance with his price, and attracting the butcher's notice, dropped the "copper" at his feet, and waited till he had received its value in meat. After this, Hero was supplied very freely with money by the boys and others, all of which he expended in the same way. Once or twice he received a written order for his dinner, and thus made another advance in the knowledge of currency. Finding paper as serviceable as copper, he began to think of a currency of his own, and hunting up pieces of white paper in the streets, would carry them to his friend the butcher. A few protests of his paper, however, drove him back to the specie currency, in favor of which he seemed ever after firmly established. Hero, with all his sagacity and all his good qualities, was not without his failings. He was an arrant coward, and lost by this failing many a good thing which his wit had earned him. There is an old proverb that "those who know nothing, fear nothing." Hero knew a great deal, and feared everything.

Near to my father's house there lived a retired sea captain in all the comfort which well earned wealth could afford. He was a good old man, and had ever a kind word and pleasant smile for me, however often I might meet him. As I think of him now, I cannot very well separate his image in my mind from his little yellow dog, Tiger, who was always at his heels, excepting on the Sabbath. I am sorry to say that my old friend was no meeting goer but then Tiger was. With the females of the family he was always at church on Sunday. When Tiger was well advanced in years and firmly fixed in his habits, his master's family changed their place of worship. To this arrangement the dog would never conform. Let others go where they might, old associations were too strong with him to be easily dissolved. From puppy days he had attended an Episcopal Church, and in his old age he would not desert it. Though a staunch churchman he was never inclined to *puseyism*, for I remember that his life was passed in perpetual warfare with everything of the kind. If Tiger was blameworthy for anything it was for his dogmatism in this matter. But to return—when the family left the services of the church, he continued to attend them. Often has he been seen of a pleasant Sabbath morning, making himself as comfortable as possible in the warm sun. The first bell would ring for church, but Tiger was unmoved. The second bell would ring and still Tiger cared not—it began to toll, and then with head and tail erect and a sober trot he would start off for church. Such a dog as Tiger could be depended upon. He had but one matter, and all else of human kind he scorned. He would go to but one church—neither Rome nor Geneva had any charms for him. Poor old Tiger; neither faithful heart nor crabbed temper could save you from the destiny of dogs. I never hope (as I remember some of your early dealings with me, I cannot refrain from adding, I never wish) to see your like again.

Agricultural.

HEN ROOSTS---HEN LICE, &C.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Messrs. Editors:—Little regard seems to be paid to the situation of roosting places for hens. Some farmers have no particular place at all, but suffer them to look out for themselves. While others, paying more attention to the subject, fit up places in their stables, hog-houses, and the like. I will here throw out a few hints, (by way of advice,) as to what experience has taught me. For several years I kept my hens in a stable, (purposely fitted,) in my barn, adjoining my horse stable. Nothing separated the one from the other, save a thin partition.

This all seemed to me well enough, and I suffered them to remain for three or four years, till at length I discovered something was the matter with my horse. This was early in the Spring. He kept almost continually biting his sides, legs, and whatever part of him he could get at. He rubbed down the partitions to the stable on either side of him, about as fast as I could fix them up. I could keep him nowhere in the field without being fastened, if I did he would make for the nearest rubbing place. He almost divested himself of his mane and tail, and many parts of his body became entirely raw in consequence of incessant biting and rubbing. This was the condition of my horse. I inquired of my neighbors what they thought ailed the beast. Some said it was a humor in his blood; others thought he was troubled with the botts; while others thought it was nothing more than a sort of Spring fever, and that he would get rid of it after shedding his coat.

Such were some of the views advanced by my neighbors. Each of which would recommend a remedy—many of which I resorted to. Some advised bleeding; some said give him plenty of Glauber salts,—and I actually did turn down the poor animal in the course of two or three weeks, nearly ten pounds of salts, and bled freely into the bargain. And what was the result? Why it was this: the horse had become so thoroughly drenched and weakened, that he looked, as the saying is, "as gaunt as a she wolf." Well, was the horse cured? No, he was actually worse. The same biting and rubbing propensities still continued. Something must be done. I began to examine my stable, harness, &c. My mind was soon made up that my horse was lousy. The fact being ascertained I thought it was time to commence operations on the *outside*. For the benefit of those who may ever have a similar case, I have relate the course I pursued for their extermination.

In the first place, I bought a pound of first rate plug tobacco, and made two boilings of it; had about a half pail full of liquid each time, after a thorough boiling in water. I then applied strong soap suds, and washed the horse, using curry comb and brush, to prepare his skin for the reception of the liquid. I then applied the tobacco, in the same manner I did the soap suds. This was repeated twice in the course of the week. I then awaited the result, which, I had faith to believe, would be favorable. But I was unfortunately disappointed. It seemed to have no lasting effect. I then tried lamp oil, and with no better success. I had almost begun to despair; cold winter was approaching, and my horse was nearly divested of his covering, but hope still brightened. I had one more remedy in view, which if it failed, I had resolved to give him up as incurable. I bought a gallon of *N. E. Rum*, and soaked him completely from head to tail.

I did two days in succession [illegible] reader [illegible] this [illegible] My [illegible] —my horse was cured, and let no man hereafter say, that N. E. Rum is good for nothing. It will kill hen lice as well as human lousings.

The first thing I did after this, was to remove my hens. I then washed the "hen roost," and horse stable, with scalding water, and applied a good coat of white-wash, since which time, I have discerned no signs of lice, about my horse or barn. A few words to those who keep hens, and I have done. Build your hen roost a good

ING HAMS.

r slaughtering our cattle an
them in the cellar by fam
e mode of curing beef, pe
tant to every housekeeper.
that every one knows that
ain point is to put in a gre
alt. There need be no fear
If not required in curing
s in the cask; and is as good
ain. In curing beef, salt sho
gly. Six lbs. of fine salt to
one and a quarter lbs. of bro
proportion of ingredients for
enty-four hours a pickle that w
ine, should be applied. Dry
in the pickle about ten days. T
ghly, so as to have them soft
and yet not too salt, and to g
is a more delicate operation, a
il. The following receipt is
be relied on for making a f
ty lbs of ham, take four ou
ree ounces of saltpetre, and o
lvesine and mix them thorou
well all over, particularly on th
them on boards for 36 or
em in casks, adding two qua
y eighty lbs. of ham. In fifte
hey may be hung up to smoke
V. J. H. M

UE OF SMOKE.

arterly Review contains the f

ance of economical talent com
in the district of Alston Moo
earths of one "house" an arti
e smoke to an outlet at a distan
n a waste spot, where no one
The gathering matter or "fum
e passage of the smoke, is ess
a process, by which, at that tim
ugh to pay for the construction
similar tunnel chimney, three mi
ecting at Allendale. Its fame
of pounds sterling per annum
does not end in smoke."

ry Departmen

RECIPTS.

—Boil a quart of milk with
larify an ounce and a half of
to the milk, add fine white sug
coonful of fine salt, and flavor w
or orange flower water. Let
it well, then have ready yo
cold water, and strain the blan
coarse, white muslin into them
perfectly cold.
of almonds pounded to a paste a
milk with the isinglass is commend
by some.
may be flavored with vanilla b
bean in the milk; when sufficient
the bean, rinse it in cold wate
keep it to use again.
cinnamon sticks in the milk
avor.

c-Manna.—Put a pint of cle
into a stew-pan; mix it with t
p and set it over the fire, and
to boil; sweeten and flavor it a
y; then set into a pan of cold
the mixture until nearly cold t
ing; when it begins to thicken

ne Manna.—Put into a mou
nc-mange two inches deep; let
y cold; then, having colored some
ge with cochineal or carmine
r, put the same depth of this, an
old, more of the white; and whi
ly until the mould is full
k carmine or the expressed juic
yellow with saffron; and blue with
rticle, however, from the thing
must be most unhealthy stuff

The Olio.

MORALITIES.

a ass, and takes himself to be
comes to leap the ditch finds hi

nything if you will only have pa
may be carried in a sieve, if you
ll it freezes.

e little that I have seen of the
of the history of mankind, teaches
their errors in sorrow, not in anger
history of one poor heart that ha
ried, and repeated to myself th
emptations it passed through; th
of joy; the feverish impetuosity o
the fears of regret; the feebleness
pressure of want; the desertion o
ots of the world, that has little
olation of the soul's sanctuary and
ne within; health gone; happiness
fain leave the erring soul of my b
Him from whose hands it came—

—An individual conducting a paper
will read enough to fill his paper
y week. He publishes that portion
s most important, and which he
ceptable and serviceable to his fellow

nsons.—By solicitation of the chap
n of the Mount Pleasant State prison
Family spent the last Thanksgiv
institution. Their singing is said
e happiest effect upon the prisoners

Sweet Oil.—Take as much shot
ficient for two gun loads, put them
sweet oil, and it will become as clear

he Riddler.

RAPHICAL ENIGMA.

d of 18 letters.
is a County in Pennsylvania.
is a River in Maine.
14, is a Lake in New Hampshire
13, 8, 13, is one of the United States
5, 7, 9, 13 is one of the British Islands
4, is a Town in Georgia.
, is a County in Illinois.
, 7, is a County in Ohio.
is a County in North Carolina.
10, is a Town in Massachusetts
he name of an American statesman.

RIDDLE

f, although 'tis undermining,
useful in refining;
ow and peasant will reveal,
ch from it great comfort feel.
ond, it must be confess'd,
me us secure to rest;
ole has power to end all strife,
n deprive you of your life.

METICAL QUESTION.

hed her age, who replied thus:
, if multiplied by three,
nths of that product tripled be,
e root of two ninths of that is four;
my age ye never see more."

CONUNDRUMS.

like a mouse?
p in a fold like a handsome letter?
laughing girls like the wings of a

to the sun?

TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
Sunday Evening Post

ENIGMA.
Pennsylvania University

HMETICAL QUESTION
13 feet 4 in

RIDDLE.
Cross.

CONUNDRUMS.
Her sine.
Which enters it, or go rogues.
Woman.
I can't.

TH

A

VOLUME

Origin

FARE-
TO

WRITTEN FOR TH
BY S. W

Fare thee-well
Fare-thee-well,
Though faded
And my lone h
Though thee h
Yet I would be

A thorn's betwe
Sunshine's fro
After joy quick
Love's bright d
All is not the g
Some is worth

Fare thee well,
Make thy mate
May each year
Peace and cond
Though thee be
Yet I would be
Connersville, Ind.

WE WILL NE
A

WRITTEN FOR THE
BY SAM

We will never meet mor
Nor the bright visions
ne of youth's golden dr
And the flowers that I

We will never meet mor
Yet I love thee o'an m
nd my spirit shall ever
And I'll dream of thee

We will never meet mor
In sunshine and shade
et ah! like the lone ray
Thou art still, thou art

he maidens are wreath
And the virgins are lo
ne thee, oh! thou only
Then I'll dream of the
Delaware College, Ne

Origin

MAKING HA
Or, Wom

WRITTEN FOR THE
BY F. E. F., AUTHO
CONVENI

"This above all—
And it must follo
Thou canst not th

"Yes, William, she
ove with her. It will
gerford, in answer to a
Manners, the then reig
her brother. "I fear
ned, disturbed express
tenance, "that my al
d if it is so, dearest Wi
from her influence,
never do."

"Why do you say
never do?" inquired
tion.

"Because I mean th
William, that I do no
intrinsically and by
nay, more, superior
that surround her—
have you. You have
no distinguished p
though a charming

"Then you think
persuad the young m
tely.

"I don't know tha
she is not, her friend
her to make a brilla
girl does not like to
know that unbiased,
worldly, for I think
with some fine qualit
family, and they all l
liant. They expect
is surrounded by men
they would no more
than they would of
who—any body who
tion."

"Young ladies som
notwithstanding," rep
mily influence does
country, thank Heav

"No, William, it d
it has its due weight.
friends expect certain
sibly to expect them
falling short of the m
does not make a bril
expects she will."

"And a brilliant
as a matter of course,

"Certainly," replie
man standing after th
fifteen years hence, a
be proud of your
Miss Hungerford, so
by them. Your disti
—and I will say, W
serves you, would ta
many are there, alas!
cent fashion than fo
it, but I do think we
Love sometimes clea
future glories through
a girl must be in lov
is not going to let
whatever you may
That, she thinks, (if
fair; but she's not
and what's more, he
him be ever so clev
set William, I end w
with her, for it will

Hungerford made
coffee (for this conv
rate breakfast betwee
his hat and left the

The evening found
ed circle of Miss Ma
dent warnings of hi
strong, the magic to
words of caution. B
was again pouring
mind to the listening
entranced his soul;
have helped that—h
cline." She answer
turned from the dr
with playful raillery

She felt that he
consciousness was
a queness might be
self. She never lo
him; and that he sh
never crossed her
tion gratified her, an
agreeable to him to
sed. At any rate h
consequently she d